

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,078

JULY 26, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890

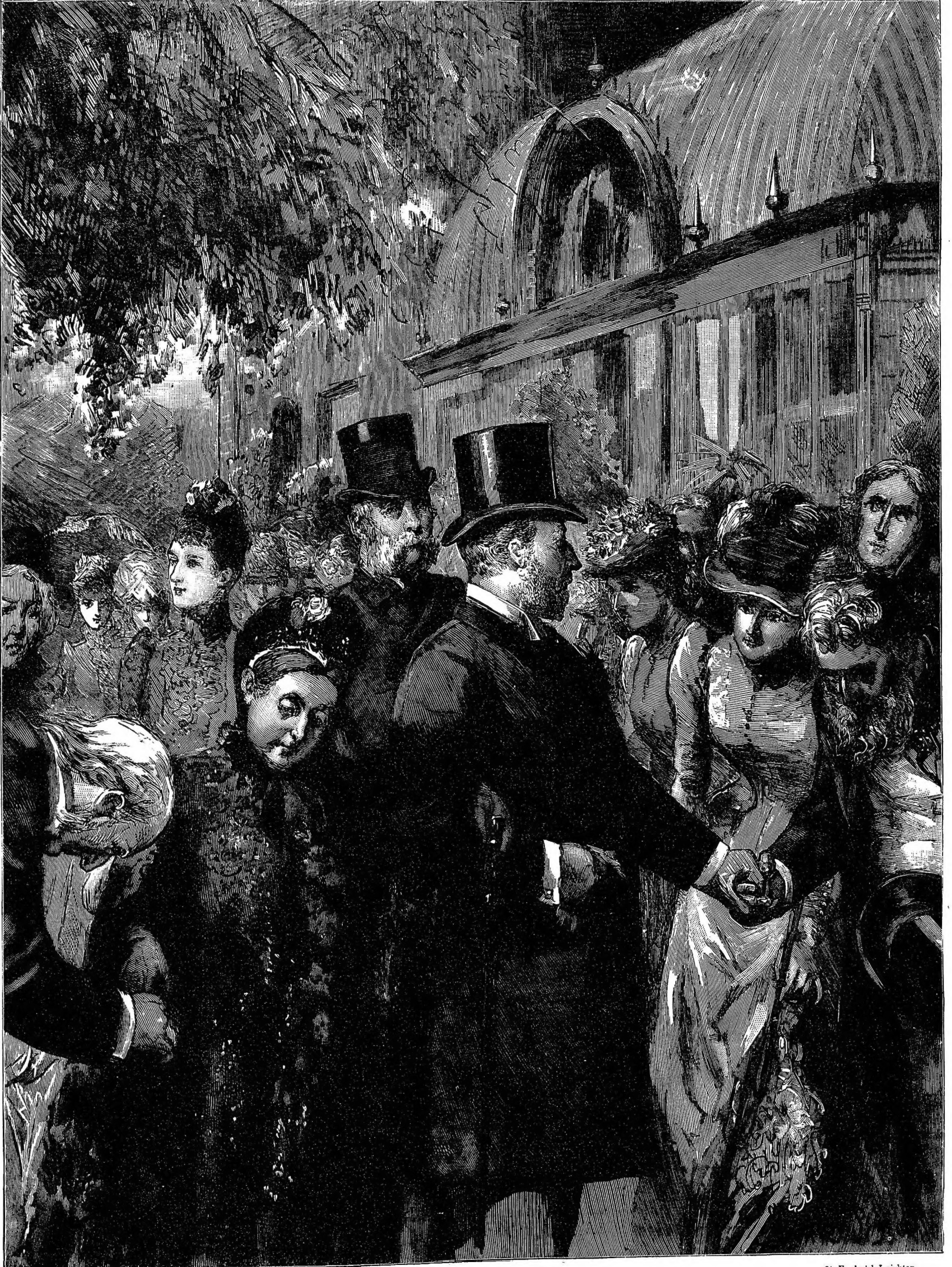
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Duke of Cambridge

Mr. Henry Irving



Mr. Gladstone

The Queen

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Sir Frederick Leighton

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GARDEN PARTY AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

Topics of the Week

THE GRENADIERS' PUNISHMENT.—Public opinion entirely endorses the punishment awarded to the Second Grenadier Guards by the military authorities. The more the *émeute* at Wellington Barracks was investigated, the worse did the conduct of the men appear. Even afterwards they seem to have combined to screen their ringleaders, thereby compelling the Commander-in-Chief to single out six senior privates for trial. We may pity these scapegoats, who probably took a less forward part than some of their juniors, but it is an old and wholesome rule in the army which proportions responsibility to seniority. Now that justice has been done and discipline is upheld, public curiosity naturally desires to know why a regiment considered by the Duke of Cambridge a model for the whole service should have suddenly flung overboard all its honourable traditions. Let Colonel Maitland's fussiness and lack of judgment have been ever so great, they would not have provoked insubordination scarcely distinguishable from mutiny had not the discipline of the Grenadiers suffered deterioration beforehand. The company officers, it is clear, looked entirely to the non-commissioned officers to uphold authority in barracks, and this devolution of power broke the chain of responsibility. Mr. Stanhope attributes the evil system to the want of accommodation for Guards' officers in barracks. The excuse will not serve: at foreign stations the same thing often happens without the slightest slackening of discipline. It is not required of either a Guards' officer or a Line officer to be always within a stone's throw of his men. What is needed in the Guards is that the company officers should exercise direct influence and control in barracks, as they do on parade. Had this been the case in the Second Grenadiers, the feeling of disaffection among the rank and file could not possibly have reached such an acute crisis without coming to the ears of the officers. But when they took it for granted that nothing was wrong, the non-commissioned officers followed suit, and so the unfortunate privates were left to brew mutiny at their leisure.

WHISKY AND EDUCATION.—When the scheme for the extinction of some public-house licences was withdrawn, the Government found themselves in possession of a very formidable white elephant. What was to be done with the money which Parliament had decided to raise by an extra tax on spirits? Many suggestions were offered, but there was always a danger that any scheme which might be adopted would be vehemently attacked by the Opposition. The plan that has been proposed is, perhaps, as good as any that could have been devised in the circumstances. Hitherto intermediate education has been the weakest point in our school system. Our primary schools are not as efficient as they ought to be; but they are not wholly inadequate, and they are capable of being indefinitely improved. But little provision has been made for boys and girls who may wish to carry on their intellectual training after they have left the elementary institutions. The County Councils of England are not at once to use the money for the supply of this great want; but they are to be warned that, when Parliament has dealt with the question of intermediate education, new charges may be put upon them. The fund, therefore, will be kept in reserve for the benefit of the more able and ambitious class of young scholars. In Ireland the money is to be applied for a like purpose, and it is assumed that the Welsh will of their own accord use their share for the promotion of a similar object. The Government think that the Scotch do not need more funds for schools; but Mr. Campbell-Bannerman is of opinion that the proceeds of the new tax should "be devoted directly to the completion of a scheme of free primary education," and it is probable that his view will in the end prevail. Thus we have a new and striking proof of the fact that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The rejection of the Government's original scheme has provided the means by which a powerful and much-needed impetus will be given to the educational movement.

THE SITUATION IN BULGARIA.—Under the guidance of Prince Ferdinand and that very remarkable statesman M. Stambuloff, Bulgaria is working out her destiny in a manner that surprises her best friends of ten years ago. M. Stambuloff has grasped the fact that Bulgaria must be on friendly terms with Turkey, and fortunately the present Grand Vizier is clever enough to realise that a well-disposed Bulgaria is the best of all possible buffers against Russian aggression. The Principality is the object of the furious jealousy of the other Balkan States, and were Turkey as well as Russia her enemy, an independent Bulgaria could not exist for long. M. Stambuloff has two ideas to fight—the Greek Empire south of the Balkans, and the southern Slav Empire north and west of the Balkans. A few years ago the Bulgars were far weaker than either the Greeks or the Slavs, but so thriving and so spirited is the little nationality that it now more than holds its own. Macedonia is the battle-ground between Greek and Bulgar, and before the Russo-Turkish War, Greek churches and Greek schools were in the ascendant in that province. Since the war Greek

influence has had to fight its hardest to keep up against the advance of Bulgarian ideas, and within the last few days Prince Ferdinand and his Minister have gained a great victory by obtaining from the Porte the *Irade* which authorises the appointment of Bulgarian Bishops in Macedonia. And not only is this a victory in foreign policy, but it is also a great success in home affairs, for it renders the Ministry popular, and does away, for the time being, with the need for proclaiming the independence of Bulgaria, and such-like heroic measures. The *Irade* will certainly not be allowed to issue without vigorous protests, and it will be enough for Bulgaria to hold what it has gained without entering on more ambitious schemes.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.—Republican institutions are not shining very brightly across the Atlantic just at present. The United States and Mexico are travelling smoothly enough, but south of the latter almost every State is immersed in trouble, political or financial. Guatemala and San Salvador have come to blows, and should Mexico interfere on the one side, the Washington Government will be pretty sure to have something to say on the other. But northern interference is not required to keep things lively; both Honduras and Costa Rica seem heartily inclined to join in the fray. It is, however, in South America that the Old World sees most clearly how human nature asserts itself, in spite of Republican ligatures. Brazil, having turned adrift an Emperor who was far too cultured and too humane to rule over a huge country merely veneered with civilisation, is marching quickly down the steep slope to bankruptcy. To keep themselves in power, the authors of the Revolution have very largely augmented the army and navy, and as Brazil did not pay her way previously it may easily be conceived that she must be running into debt at a terrible pace. Still, she is not reduced to such desperate straits as Argentina and Uruguay, where blundering or corrupt methods of finance seem likely to culminate in revolutionary throes. Chili, too, has some very odd Republican work on her hands in suppressing strikes by bayonet and bullet. The Chilean son of toil is very probably an exceedingly rough customer when his anger rises. Still, even in Monarchical countries there would be some hesitancy in treating him like a mad dog. Bolivia, not to be outdone by her sister-Republics, has just gone through a brief revolutionary campaign; but order now reigns at Sucre, and there does not seem any likelihood of a fresh disturbance for a fortnight or so. Peru and Patagonia are said to be at peace; apart from them, South American Republicanism is enjoying the sweet perils of a baptism of fire.

A GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.—The controversy on this subject may almost be said to have entered upon a new phase by the intervention of Mr. Agnew. If the movement had not been practical, we may be sure that he would have had nothing to do with it. So certain is he that the thing ought to be, and can be, done, that he makes a munificent offer of 10,000*l.* towards the expense for the provision of a proper building. He decides without much hesitation against the proposal to place a great collection of British works of Art in the South Kensington Museum; and in this he undoubtedly gives expression to the feeling of most people who have thought about the matter. There is a wide-spread dislike of the South Kensington authorities, and, whether it be wholly just or not, it is sufficiently strong to make it inexpedient for the Government and the nation to entrust them with new duties. The functions they have already to discharge are in any case extensive and difficult enough to demand their entire attention. Mr. Agnew agrees with those who hold that the Kensington Palace site is, upon the whole, the most suitable; and this would at least have the advantage of securing an abundant supply of that fresh air which, as Mr. Agnew declares, is "as necessary to the life of a picture as to the life of human beings." If this site were chosen, we may reasonably assume that a magnificent collection of British paintings, engravings, and sculpture would soon be brought together. The first thing to be done, however, is to provide funds for the erection of a Gallery. Now that Mr. Agnew and Mr. Quilter have made a beginning, there should be no great difficulty about the rest. Many members of our wealthy classes are deeply interested in Art, and an appeal to them about the matter, put in the right way, and by the right persons, would be met by a prompt and adequate response.

THE CENSUS.—It is now an accepted fact that every man believes in the innermost recesses of his heart that he can run an hotel or edit a newspaper, and apparently many worthy members of Parliament fancy that they can draw up a satisfactory Census paper. It is on record that Artemus Ward once drew up a remarkable list of questions for a Census that was to be taken in the United States about the time of the War, and many of the suggestions put forward in the House of Commons would seem to have been modelled on the American humourist's lines. In fact, so searching were some of the catechisms proposed that it looks as if before long the Census might become the vehicle of the New Inquisition. By far the most interesting, however, of the suggestions made was that embodied in Baron Dimsdale's amendment, namely, that a religious census should be taken in Great Britain as well as in Ireland. But the proposal was negatived by a large majority, and so the one sub-

ject that is of overpowering interest at the present time, and on which some information would have been really useful, is to be tabooed. A man's religious opinion is the most interesting thing about him, and, if we except politics, which are provided for by the General Election, it is the one subject on which he is never backward in expressing an opinion. And the most curious part of it is the quarter from which this strenuous opposition comes. Neither the Church of England nor the Roman Catholics have the slightest objection to a religious Census; in fact, they rather desire it. The Protestant Nonconformist bodies are the people who will have no counting of heads in the matter of religion, and they are the very ones who are always boasting of the strides they are making all over the country. It is strange that they should not allow the public to share in the statistics of this advance, but this unwillingness to put the matter to the test of figures does not argue the security of strength.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.—New Battersea Bridge certainly compares to great advantage with the old structure, which, in truth, was a crazy and depressing specimen of the builder's art. It had one great advantage, nevertheless—it did not cost the ratepayers a farthing, the whole expense being voluntarily defrayed by the riparian proprietors of the locality. So, when we think of the old edifice, let it be as of a gift-horse, into whose defects one should not pry. Its successor has a far finer appearance; but it unhappily costs 143,000*l.* Much the same line of thought presents itself in connection with the new thoroughfare from the Holborn Town Hall to Farringdon Street, which Lord Rosebery opened on the same day. No one will dispute its superiority to the dingy streets which previously covered the site, nor that the improvement was sadly needed. Still, 400,000*l.* is a stiff sum to pay out of an empty treasury. Now that the coal-dues are no more, the County Council has nothing for it but to add to the rates whenever the cost of any public work has to be defrayed, and any addition of this sort necessarily increases the expense of living. The present Money Bill of the County Council takes power, it will be seen, to raise nearly 3,000,000*l.* for various purposes in 1890 and 1891. This includes the sum of 300,000*l.* on account of the Thames Tunnel at Blackwall—a work which might well wait until the Holywell Street block ceases to congest the traffic of one of the most important thoroughfares in the metropolis. In this latter case, the excuse for doing nothing is that the improvement would cost a large sum. True, but not nearly so much as the Blackwall Subway, while the benefit to the metropolis at large would be inconceivably greater. This question of "Where is the money to come from?" will face the County Council at every turn. Public improvements must be made, and equally must the capital required for their execution be provided from one source or another.

BLINDNESS AND MENTAL TRAINING.—According to the British Consul at Philadelphia, who appeals to the authority of American oculists, defective sight is becoming more common in the United States, and blindness, especially among the poor, "shows a steady growth." This is said to be due to ophthalmia, which is described as a contagious disease. No corresponding increase has been observed in this country, but there probably never was a time when the general subject of blindness attracted so much attention in England as it does now. During several days of the present week a Conference has been held at the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood, for the consideration of every conceivable aspect of the questions relating to the education of blind persons. Not so very long ago the idea of a blind man or woman playing a part in social life on anything like equal terms with the rest of the community would have been thought extremely Utopian. The methods by which the blind are educated have been so vastly improved, that the idea no longer seems very remarkable. Professor Fawcett was a brilliant example of how much can be done by energy of character and intelligence even when the power of sight has been lost; and, since his time, there has been a marked increase in the number of blind persons who desire to avail themselves of the various means which have been provided for enabling them to cultivate their faculties. Among the subjects discussed by the Upper Norwood Conference were those connected with technical training and education in music and handicrafts, as ways in which the blind may be prepared for earning a livelihood; and a paper was read on the training of the blind for the Universities and professions. Many persons suffering from this sad affliction will derive courage from the fact that such schemes are seriously occupying the thoughts of men who have scientifically investigated their capacities and their needs.

TWO MEMORIALS.—No man, not even he who is least likely to be handed down to posterity in everlasting brass, can possibly object to the modest memorial tablet, however much he may cry out against the statue in our streets. A tablet has just been placed in Tewkesbury Abbey to the memory of Miss Muloch, and Mr. Kinglake has issued an appeal for funds wherewith to raise a memorial to Richard Jefferies in Salisbury Cathedral. The blameless novelist of the middle-classes will never rank among the mighty ones of fiction, but she is enshrined in the hearts of many who did



HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

"THE MIRROR"

Royal Academy



G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

"PARIS," FROM THE PICTURE "PARIS AND GENONE"

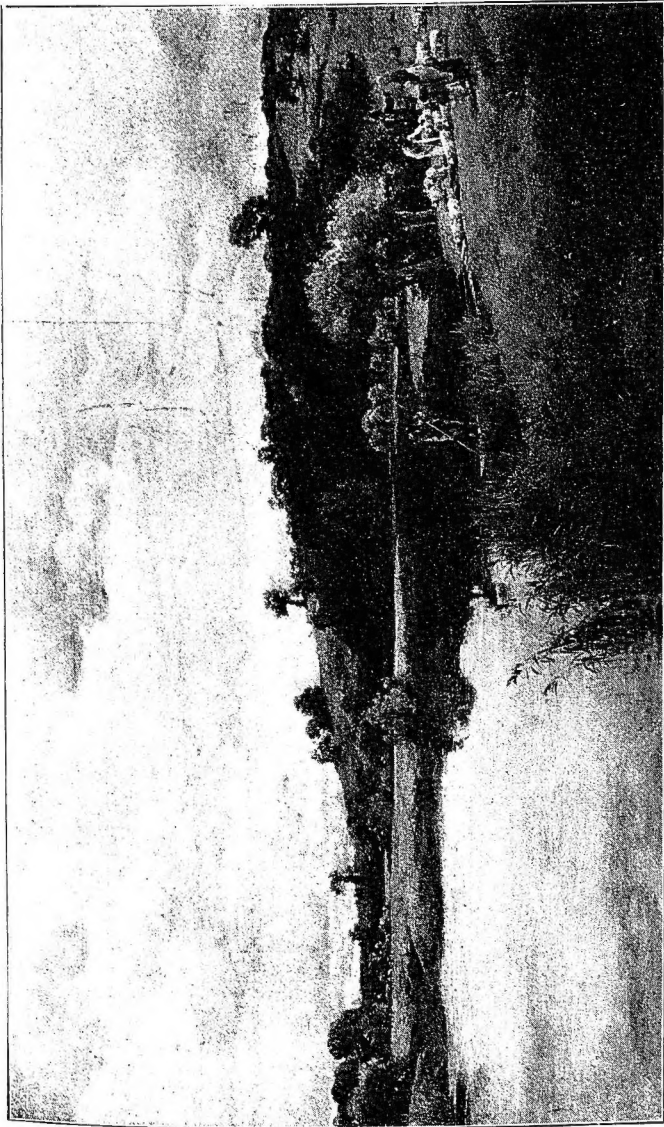
Royal Academy



HERBERT SCHMALZ

"THE YOUNG DUCHESS"

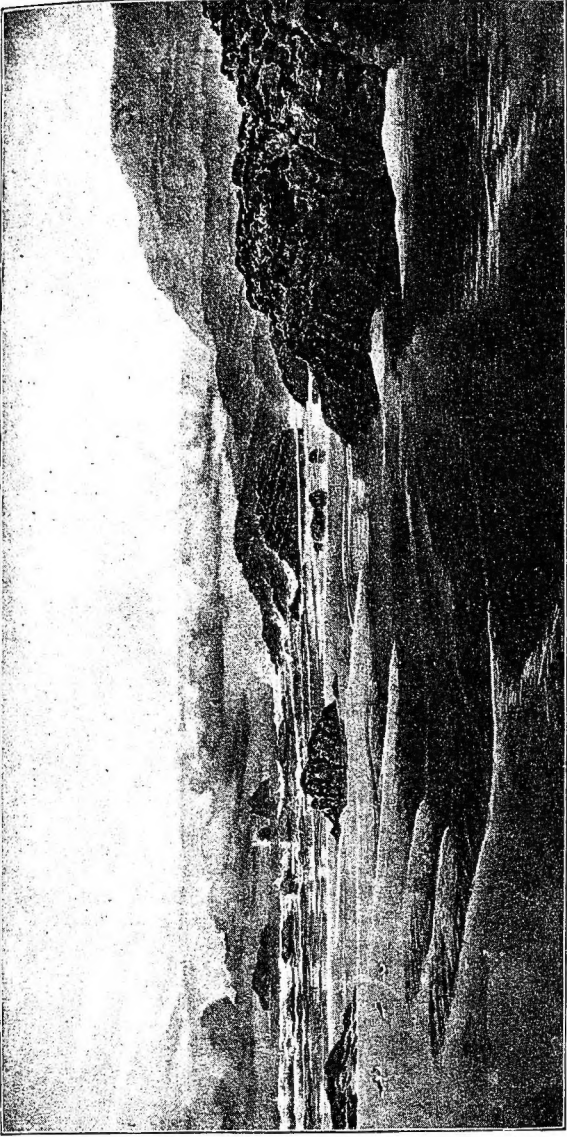
Royal Academy



ALFRED PARSONS, R.I.

"A BEND OF THE AVON"

Royal Academy



JOHN BRETT, A.R.A.

"ECHOES OF A FAR-OFF STORM"

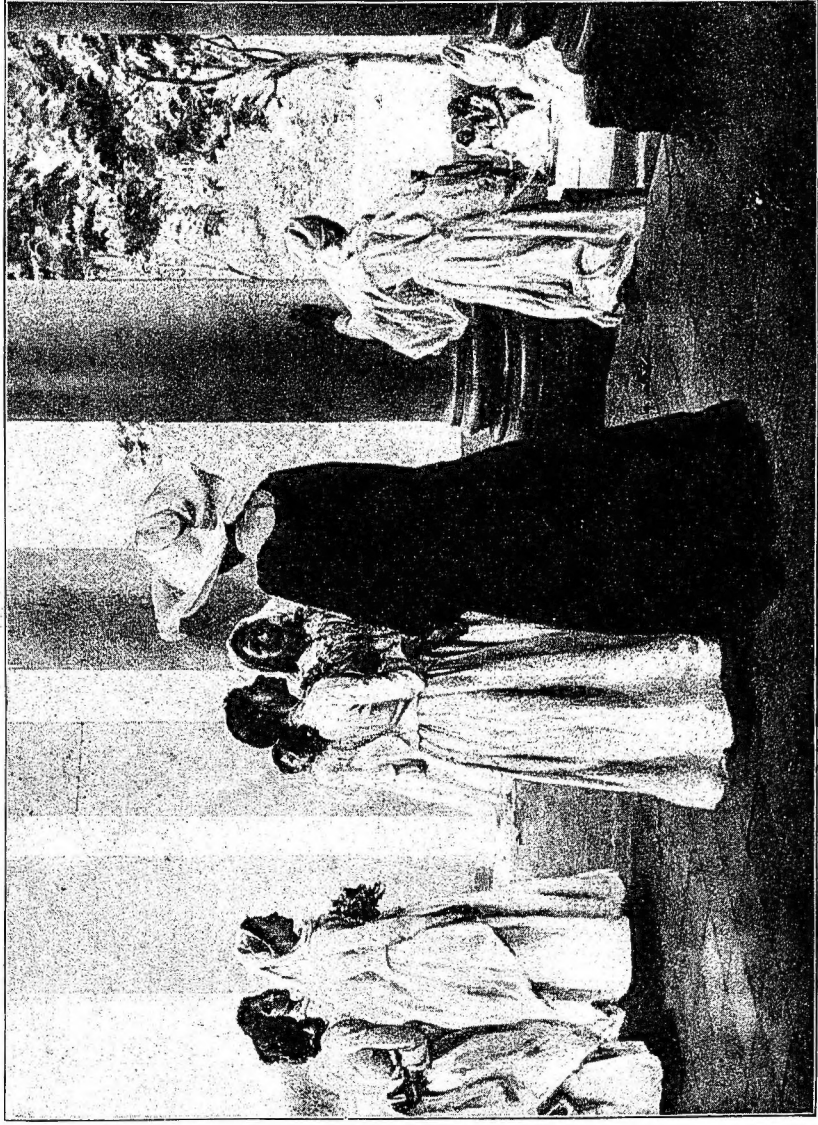
Royal Academy



G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

"A DAY DREAM"

Grosvenor Gallery



F. W. W. TOPHAM

"IN THE MONTH OF MAY"

Royal Academy

not, and do not, care to absurd murder and immorality with wide-eyed voracity. And it is but fitting that the prose-poet of the Southern County should have some memorial raised to him in the noble Cathedral, whose tapering spire looks out over miles of close-shorn Wiltshire down, and rises through the mist a landmark to the solitary shepherd on the distant plain. It is said that nowadays no literary man need despair of winning fame and fortune for good honest work, but for Richard Jefferies, as for many another who has passed unknown, the long and weary probation was too heavy a burden, and the reward came too late to save his life. With Miss Muloch things were different; she lived to enjoy her popularity to the full, but both in her case, and in the case of the man to whose memory England has paid tardy honour, the memorials prove that pure and honest writing is not so much at a discount in these dying days of the century as many insist. Every now and then there is an outcry that our novelists are adopting the baser methods of French authors, without possessing their literary skill, but if it is not revolted by fantastic legislation, the plain good sense of the community may still be trusted to prefer good literature to bad.

LONDON SHIPPING.—The dockers' famous victory left behind it a considerable legacy of troubles and complications. For the moment the Dock Companies were the sufferers, but, having taken counsel on the situation, they cleverly contrived to pass on the burden to the shipowners. It may be that the Dock Directors experienced a subdued sense of pleasure when increasing their dues to cover the loss caused by paying the dockers higher wages. The shipowners had shown during the strife a good deal more sympathy for labour than for capital, being anxious, no doubt, to conciliate popular favour before their own time of trial arrived. Now, however, that they feel the shoe which they hoped to fit on to another foot pinching their own toes, they shriek lustily, and call for help. Not without reason, either; the long-despised docker has become master of the situation, and, by all accounts, he uses his power as unmercifully and as recklessly as manumitted slaves generally do. At the meeting of the General Shipowners' Society, speaker after speaker dwelt upon the whims, caprices, and extortions of Mr. John Burns' protégés. In one case they demanded extra pay because they were pleased to consider the job they were on "dirty work"—the dirt being clean sawdust used for packing. In other instances the time occupied in discharging vessels has been so unconscionable that the owners threaten to seek another port. Nor is this an idle menace. Unless those engaged in the shipping business contrive to patch up their miserable quarrels, London is certain in time to lose a large part of her trade as a port. Not only are the dues and landing charges far heavier than elsewhere, but shippers can never feel certain as to the date when their goods will get to sea. The dockers can no longer complain either of short pay or long hours; in both respects they have attained a great deal more than they hoped for when they raised the strike banner. But if they carry matters with too high a hand, they will run a considerable risk of killing the trade on which they live.

A DANGER FOR FRANCE.—The slow rate at which the population of France is increasing has begun to attract the serious attention of many Frenchmen. Last year there was only one birth to every forty-two inhabitants; and, according to M. Lagneau, who dealt with the subject at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, there are usually not more than nineteen births to every group of one hundred married women between the ages of fifteen and forty-five. The excess of births over deaths is, it seems, little more than one in a thousand, as compared with 13.7 per thousand in England, 10 per thousand in Germany, and 12.9 per thousand in Russia. If France had no hungry competitors, it is possible that the limitation of her population might be attended by great advantages, since it is easier for parents to provide for one or two children than for half-a-dozen. But if the population of England, Germany, and Russia goes on increasing, while that of France remains stationary, or even decreases, the fact may have very serious consequences in the event of a long-continued and exhausting war. It may also tell upon the position of France in another way. The surplus population of growing nations necessarily look out for opportunities of advancement in other countries than their own. Should the struggle for existence be less severe in France than elsewhere, will she not receive a steadily increasing number of immigrants? Already the Italians press across the borders in the south-east; the Belgians do the like in the north-east; and the Germans are prevented from following the example of these nationalities only by temporary political difficulties. May not this process go on until the balance between the population and the means of subsistence is restored by foreigners? The national life might thus be profoundly modified by new elements, and the prospect is not one that gives pleasure to patriotic Frenchmen.

AUTOMATIC MACHINES.—Many persons have echoed the complaint of a character in one of Mr. Sims' stories that they are very ill and suffering from idiots. Human stolidity is bad enough, but what are we to say of the denseness of an automatic machine? It is a solid block of dull

obstinacy upon which no impression can be made. An automatic machine has been endowed with sufficient intelligence to refuse delivery of the articles it is supposed to contain, but not with enough to cause it to abstain from gorging the coppers of toffee-loving youth, or of curious old age. And there is no redress; the miscreant is too hard to hit, and turns the toe of the thickest boot, returning but the derisive clink of fraudulent pence to the most impassioned assault. Even recourse to the homely Saxon vernacular, that safety-valve of the average Englishman, is of no avail. To blows and sarcasm the machine answers with the same blank, unresponsive stupidity, so that even Mr. Chucks in his politest humour could have made no impression on its buckler of silence. In a quarrel, the disputant who keeps cool has the advantage, and the victim of an automaton is seldom in that position when people waiting for a train beguile the lagging moments by crowding round and grinning. And, should an apparently sympathetic telegraphist arrive conveniently to act as whipping-boy for the obdurate machine, the result is, as a general rule, by no means satisfactory. The result of the comedy of misfortunes initiated by an errant penny was fixed at the Wandsworth Police Court a few days ago at forty shillings or a fortnight. It would ill become the traveller to speak lightly of automatic machines, for in the matter of wax-matches they have frequently been as oases in the desert; but they suffer from internal disorders now and then like other people, and a man must have a plentiful stock of patience and a long spoon who would sup off their hidden sweets.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VI."

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FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY AND FRENCH EXHIBITIONS, the SAVOY GALLERY, and the MUNICH EXHIBITION, see page 101.

GOODWOOD RACES.—The arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, including the running of Special Trains, for the convenience of their patrons during the Sussex fortnight, commencing July 28th, and ending August 1st, are now being announced as completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the Railway Company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Portsmouth Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the stations at Drayton and Chichester and Goodwood Park. The Brighton Company also give notice that their West End Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on July 25th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st, for the sale of Tickets to Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Brighton, &c., at the same fares as charged at the stations.

BRIGHTON THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. Nye Chart. MONDAY, July 28, RUY BLAS and THE BLASE ROUE by the Gaiety Company.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane. Monday, July 28, and during the week, at Seven, THE SHADOWS OF LIVES. Misses Olyph Webb, Marshall; Messrs. Algernon Syms, W. Steadman, J. B. How, W. Gardiner, &c.—VARIETIES—Concluding with THE CROSS OF GOLD.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. The coolest Hall in London. Now illuminated throughout with Electric Light. TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME, which will be given until further notice. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE as well.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa, 3s.; 1st Area, 2s.; 2nd Area, 1s. Tickets can be booked a month in advance at Tree's Office, St. James's Hall.

PLEASURE CRUISES TO NORWAY. The Orient Company's Steamship "GARONNE" (3,876 tons), will leave London on August 8th for a 21 days' Cruise to the Norwegian Fjords. The steamer will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water. The "Garonne" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—Tours to the West Coast and Fjords of Norway. Quickest and Cheapest Route. The splendid new first-class steamer "ST. SUNNIVA" leaves Leith and Aberdeen on August 30, for a cruise to the Fjords, and returns to Leith on September 10. Full particulars and Handbooks, ad. may be had days' cruise. Fortnightly thereafter. Full particulars and Handbooks, ad. may be had from W. A. MALCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria St., E.C. SEWELL and CROWTHICK, from W. A. MALCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria St., E.C. SEWELL and CROWTHICK, 18, Cockspur St., Charing Cross, S.W. THOS. COOK and SONS, Ludgate Circus, E.C. and all Branch Offices, and GUION and CO., 25, Water St., Liverpool, and MIVER and CO., Tower Buildings, Water Street, Liverpool.

YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT AND CRIMEA.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,847 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on August 30, for a cruise to Syracuse, Piræus (for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Yalta (for Livadia), Mudania (for Brusa), Malta, Gibraltar, and the month of September is considered the best time for a cruise. The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

GOODWOOD RACES, JULY 29th, 30th, and 31st, and AUGUST 1st.

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS. SATURDAY, JULY 28th, and MONDAY, JULY 28th, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from Victoria, for Fulbourn, Attleborough, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant, Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight). SPECIAL TRAINS for SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES ONLY, leave Victoria, SATURDAY, JULY 28th, at 7.45 a.m., and 6.30 p.m., and MONDAY, JULY 28th, at 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 6.30 p.m. Horses and carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Train from Victoria on these days.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES. A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria, 7.30 a.m., Kensington, 7.5 a.m., London Bridge, 7.30 a.m., Return Fares, 2s. 6d., 16s., and 10s. 10d.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class), will leave Victoria, 9.0 a.m., Kensington, 9.40 a.m., and London Bridge, 9.5 a.m., Return Fares, 2s. 6d. and 20s. AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria, 9.45 a.m., Return Fare, 30s.

Fast Trains at Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares, leave London for Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight every Weekday as under—From Victoria, 6.35 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 3.55 p.m., and 4.55 p.m., also at 7.15 p.m., for Portsmouth only, all calling at Clapham Junction.

From Kensington (Addison Road), 6.5 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 1.26 p.m., 3.41 p.m., and 4.41 p.m., also at 7.0 p.m. for Portsmouth only, all calling at West Brompton and Chelsea.

From London Bridge, 6.45 a.m., 10.25 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 1.50 p.m., 4.0 p.m., and 4.55 p.m., also at 7.45 p.m. for Portsmouth only. Tickets may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations; and at the West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, which offices will remain open till 10.0 p.m. on July 25th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager



GARDEN PARTY AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

FAIR ICONOCLASTS IN EGYPT

BISLEY

THE SECOND BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS.

See page 88

THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON

THIS hotel, which has recently been erected, will be opened to visitors to-day (Saturday). It belongs to the proprietors of the Hotel Métropole in London, and is the fourth building of that name which they have established in this country and abroad. Its situation is one of the finest and most convenient in Brighton. It stands on an extensive piece of ground facing the King's Road and the sea, and is within a stone's throw of the West Pier. The new hotel, which was designed by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., has a facade of red brick and terra-cotta pleasantly varied, the solid appearance being broken up with balconies. The front, as observed above, faces the sea, while the back windows look out on a tennis lawn, and a garden beautifully laid out with terraces in the Italian style. There are three dining-rooms, running parallel, separated by glass screens, and capable of seating upwards of 500 guests at one time. In the drawing-room are panels representing Sussex ancestral homes. The upper floors are arranged in suites, and contain nearly 500 bedrooms. The building is fireproof, and is supplied throughout with the electric light by a private installation. There are lifts, of course; a library stocked with novels, a hairdressing establishment, and excellent Turkish baths.

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A New serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.I., is continued on page 89

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT

See page 92

PICTURES OF THE YEAR—VI.

WITH one exception, Mr. Boughton's "Day Dream," a clever study of the head of a dark-haired girl reclining on a pillow, the original of which is in the Grosvenor Gallery, all our examples this week are from the Academy.—English sculpture, which is here represented by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's "Mirror," is gradually winning its way to popular favour, and even now occupies a much more important place than was the case a generation ago, when the Sculpture Room used to be conspicuous by its emptiness. The reproduction in miniature, which has lately been attempted, of the larger works of Mr. Thornycroft and other sculptors will do much to foster this growing taste.—"A Bend of the Avon" is a good specimen of the work of that much-appreciated landscapist, Mr. Alfred Parsons.—"Paris," by Mr. G. A. Storey, is a portion of his interesting picture "Paris and Enone," the lady being here left out of sight.—Mr. Schmalz's "Young Duchess" shows us a charming girl's head in last-century coiffure, and with a pair of most eloquent eyes.—Mr. Brett's "Echoes of a Far-Off Storm" is, as regards the rocks, painted with that vividness and minuteness of detail which has earned for this artist a special reputation.—Mr. F. W. W. Topham in "The Month of Mary" shows us one of the religious aspects of that period of the year which from time immemorial has been noted for secular festivity. In Roman Catholic countries May is especially devoted to the adoration of the Virgin Mary; and shrines, to which young girls are wont to resort, are erected in her honour in the churches.

MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB

WE learn from that invaluable compendium, Dickens' "Dictionary of London," that the Benson Driving Club, established in 1807, and broken up in 1854, was the last of the old coaching clubs known to the past generation. In 1856, however, the late Mr. Morritt succeeded in getting thirty good men together, and established the present Four-in-Hand Driving Club. In 1870 Mr. George Goddard and a few other gentlemen laid the foundation of the Coaching Club, which, on its first appearance in Hyde Park, turned out twenty-two drags. Both Clubs meet twice a year—generally at the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. The Four in Hands' first meeting is usually the Wednesday before the Derby, but this year the Wednesday after; the second meet occurs later, the date being fixed a short time beforehand. These Clubs have no local habitation, but drive from their meets to dine or lunch at Greenwich, Richmond, the Crystal Palace, or elsewhere. This year the Four-in-Hand Club met, first, on June 11th, at the Hyde Park Magazine, and, secondly, on July 10th, at the Horse Guards' Parade.

YACHTING ON THE NORFOLK BROADS

TIME was, not so very long ago, when East Anglia was little appreciated as a pleasure-resort beyond its own boundaries, but now strangers flock thither every year in increasing numbers. Not only has the sea-coast been discovered to be most bracing and healthful, but the region of the "Broad," formerly only known to the fisherman and the sportsman in quest of wild-fowl, has become celebrated as a place where the pleasures of yachtng may be enjoyed without the dangers and inconveniences of the open sea. The "Broad" region comprises a three-cornered tract of East Norfolk and a bit of Suffolk, lying, roughly speaking, between North Walsham, Norwich, and Lowestoft. This country is intersected with several slow-moving rivers, expanding occasionally into lakes (locally termed "Broad"); and no pleasanter way of spending a holiday can be



MODERN ICONOCLASTS AT WORK ON THE MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT



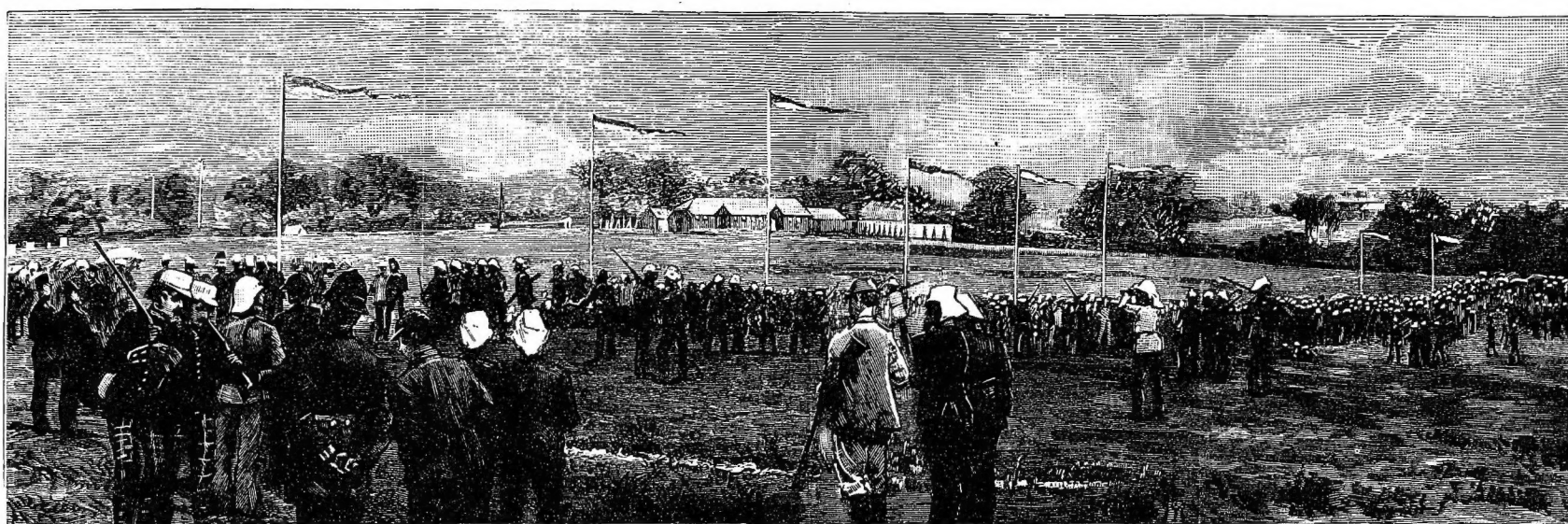
CUP PRESENTED BY "THE GRAPHIC"



THE PRIZE TENT



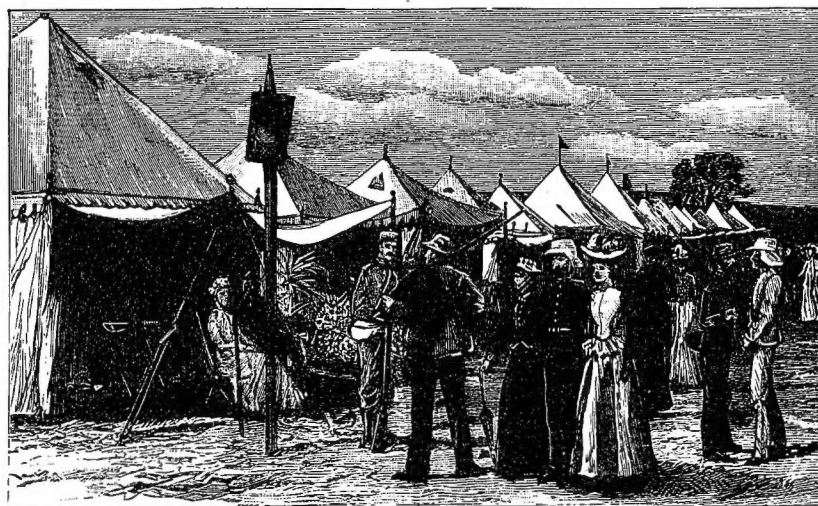
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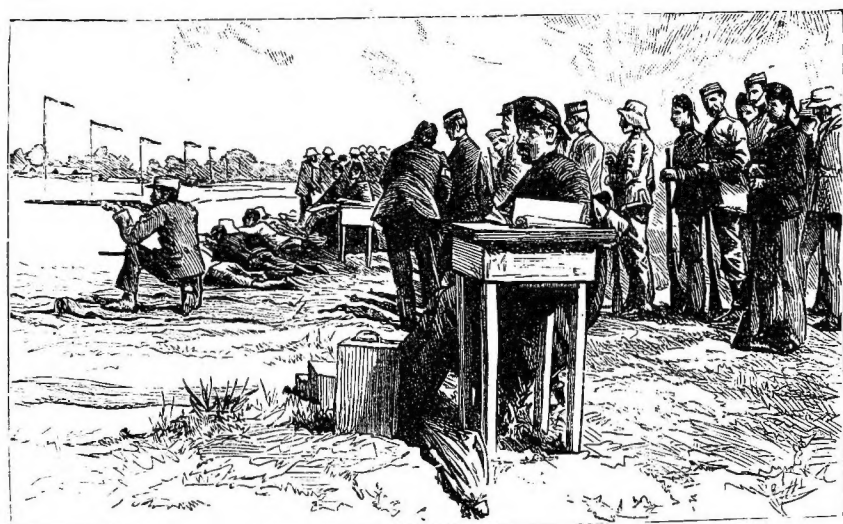
GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP



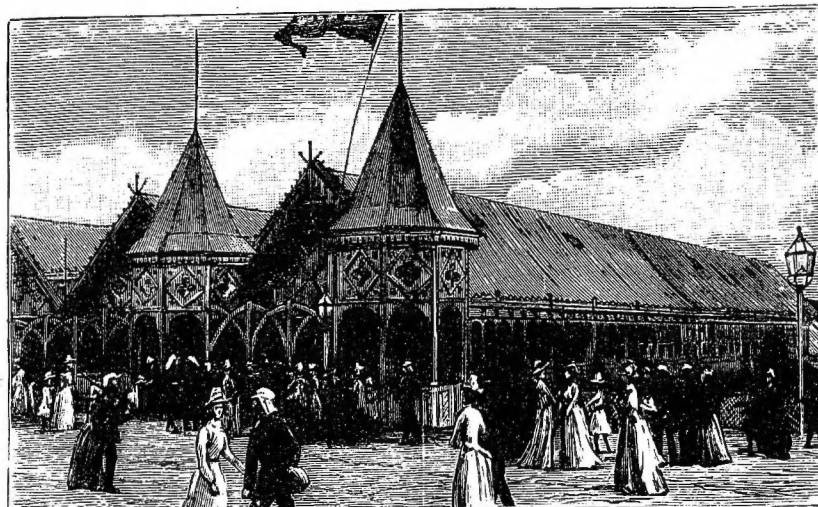
READING ORDERS



TENTS OF THE EXECUTIVE OFFICERS



"QUEEN'S MEN" WAITING THEIR TURN



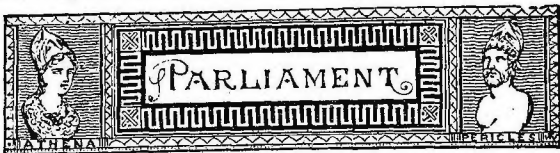
REFRESHMENT PAVILION

SKETCHES AT THE BISLEY RIFLE MEETING

found, than to get together a pleasant party of friends, hire a yacht, and then go cruising up and down these inland waters, quite independent of hotel accommodation.

"HELPING GARDENER"

To children, who see everything with fresh and unsophisticated eyes, the garden-roller is a source of much pleasure, not, however, unmixed with fear. To youngsters it seems a gigantic monster, and their feeble arms have some difficulty in starting it; but if they do start it on a downward slope, it is apt to get the better of them and run away, causing no small amount of terror. In our picture the old gardener has judiciously retained the control of this interesting implement in his own hands, while his own muscular exertions are relieved by the united efforts of the trio of juveniles.



THE Irish Votes in Committee of Supply were completed at the close of last week, and it was announced that the Irish members were going home. A large number did depart, but since among those left behind were Mr. Healy, Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Sexton, the course of proceedings during the week has been little varied. Mr. Dillon proudly mentioned the other night, with respect to a particular vote taken at a Wednesday sitting, that if he had liked he could have talked it out himself. Mr. Balfour, with that grave courtesy he sometimes effectively assumes in dealing with the Irish members, remarked that he did not doubt it. Mr. Dillon has, in truth, of late developed a remarkable power of continuity of speech. Mr. Sexton, who in Parliamentary circles has earned for himself the prefix of "Windbag," is beginning to be eclipsed by the gentleman who more than once has been obliged to retire from active politics, by reason of failing strength. Mr. Dillon is understood to be successor-designate of Mr. Parnell, and is training himself for the post by taking a very prominent part in the proceedings of the House.

One peculiarity of the Irish Votes is that after they have gone through Committee, and are presumed to be done with, they come up again on the Report stage, and the discussion is gone through once more with unflagging energy, and an apparently absolute forgetfulness of the fact that all the speeches have been made before. When the New Rules were framed there was cunningly introduced a proviso, that the Report of Supply should be independent of the Rule which brings debate to a close at midnight. It may accordingly be taken up at any hour of a sitting, and the House need not adjourn till the stage is carried. Thus discussion on the Report Stage of Votes in Supply is carried on in a kind of Parliamentary overtime. Members work after hours, and as it has come to pass that for the Speaker to be in the Chair half an hour past midnight is regarded as a most untoward circumstance, debates on Report are considerably curtailed. Nevertheless, where the Irish Votes are concerned, the opportunity of saying something over again is never foregone.

The long-expected proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the appropriation of the moneys originally set aside for compensation to disendowed publicans have been received with what Mr. Goschen has come to consider as something like enthusiasm, that is to say, as far as the proposals relate to England, Wales, and Ireland no objection has been raised. This is not unnatural, seeing that the Government have in this matter entirely surrendered to the Opposition. When the Local Taxation Bill was still with us, Mr. Arthur Acland moved an amendment providing that the sum allotted to England out of the extra duty on spirits and beer should be set aside for the purposes of education in preference to compensation of publicans. Mr. Goschen scouted the idea, and the Government marshalled their hosts to defeat it in the Division Lobby. Now Mr. Goschen adopts the plan put forward by the Opposition, and does in July what in May he protested was hardly worth discussing.

Whilst the principle of assisting education out of this fortuitously-created fund is applied to Ireland, England, and Wales, it is withheld from Scotland. North of the Tweed, the money is to be handed over to the County Councils in relief of the rates, and the Scotch members are up in arms against the proposal. It is all the more notable since the Government have already established in Scotland the principle of Free Education. The Scotch members ask that it shall be completed. But the Government cannot always be giving way, and, as the Opposition are not accustomed to rally round Scotland as they do round Ireland, it is pretty certain that the Government will stand firm, and that the Bill will be amended in the sense indicated by Mr. Goschen in laying his proposals before the House.

Attempts have been made through the week to induce the Government to alter their plans with respect to the Winter Session. Mr. Labouchere is credited with the intention of using the opportunities supplied by the Estimates to compel the Government to give way on this matter. He sees with regret the attitude assumed on the Front Opposition Bench, where right hon. gentlemen, satisfied with their triumphs through the Session, are willing that it should be wound up with the least possible delay. Mr. Labouchere takes a different view of his duty. He believes that as long as the Session lasts the Ministry should be buffeted, and he has been busy through the week in preparing for prolonged contest in Committee on the remaining Estimates. He talks lightly of keeping Ministers at work well into September, at which time he believes they would view with different feelings the prospect of meeting again in November, and would gratefully yield to pressure put upon them in favour of the alternative scheme of meeting early in January. Members, even though sitting below the Gangway, are not attracted by the prospects held out to them by the indefatigable and irrepressible member for Northampton. They think they have done enough to satisfy the calls of duty, and according to the latest estimate the prorogation will take place on August 16th, a week later than a few days ago was regarded as possible.

The penal consequences that have followed upon the insubordination of the 2nd battalion of the Grenadier Guards has led to frequent interrogation of Mr. Stanhope. But the Minister for War has ably and successfully maintained what even gentlemen on the benches opposite regard as a very proper attitude. He deprecates any interference of third parties—even though they be members of Parliament—between the Army and its heads on points of discipline. The House is rent by conflicting sentiment. It is, in the main, inclined to stand by the Minister in his resolution to maintain discipline. At the same time, it has a strong conviction that the men of the second battalion were driven to sinning by being sinned against. The fate of the six senior soldiers, one drawn from each company, and offered up in Paschal Lamb fashion, has excited special sympathy, and strong pressure has been brought to bear upon Mr. Stanhope to revise and reduce the sentences passed upon them.

Whilst a great deal of talk goes on, and questions still run up to the hundred in number, substantial work is accomplished at each sitting. Mr. Ritchie has scored another success by the able management with which he directed the steps of the Housing of the Working Classes Bill. The history of this measure vindicates afresh

the institution of Grand Committees. After being read a second time in the House, it was referred to a Grand Committee, and there quickly licked into shape. The proceedings in Committee have not been reported, and little is known by the outside world of the stages by which progress was achieved. But the compliments paid to the President of the Local Government Board by Liberal members testified to the tact and skill which largely contributed to the passing of a measure hailed from both sides of the House as being fraught with immense advantages to the working classes.

The Savings Banks Bill is another modest measure in a fair way to be added to the achievements of a Session which it is the fashion to regard as barren. The Census Bills are also quietly passing through, the English Bill having run its course. The debate in Committee was varied by an attempt made by Baron Dimsdale to engraft on the Bill an amendment authorising a religious Census. It had been settled before the second reading that there was to be no religious Census—a condition upon which the Opposition based their attitude of friendly neutrality. Mr. Ritchie showing some disposition to depart from this understanding, there was loud outcry. But Mr. Smith, hurriedly brought on the scene, declared against the amendment, which was accordingly thrown out by a large majority, and the Bill peacefully passed.



MR. W. H. SMITH evidently does not anticipate a practical confirmation of the truth of the report that he is soon to exchange the laborious leadership of the House of Commons for comparative repose in the House of Peers. He has informed the electors of the Strand that he hopes at the next General Election to present himself again as a candidate for their suffrages.—The seat in Mid-Durham, vacant through the death of Mr. Crawford (G), was, as expected, won by Mr. John Wilson (G) who, for many years a working miner, has been since 1882 Treasurer of the Durham Miners' Association, and who representing in the late Parliament the Houghton-le-Spring Division of the county, was defeated in 1886. He had a majority of 2,094 over Mr. Vane Tempest (C), polling 5,469 votes to the latter's 3,375. This result, compared with that of the last contest in the Division, in 1885, is satisfactory to Unionists. Although the Irish vote in 1885 was given mainly to the Conservative candidate, and has now been transferred to the Gladstonians, the Unionists have polled 130 votes more, and the Gladstonians 330 votes fewer than in 1885.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK was chosen on Tuesday successor to Lord Rosebery in the Chairmanship of the London County Council. Although his election was a foregone conclusion, some of the Progressives needlessly and somewhat churlishly insisted on a division, when the motion for appointing him was carried by a majority of 33, 61 voting for it and 28 against it. A successor to Sir John Lubbock in the Vice-Chairmanship will be elected next Tuesday.

AT BISLEY.—After an exciting contest, the Queen's Prize, the "blue riband" of the National Rifle Association, was carried off, on Tuesday, by Sergeant Bates, of the First Warwick, who has achieved numerous lesser triumphs at Wimbledon. He scored 278 points, eight more than Private J. Murray, Third Aberdeen, silver medallist (as making the highest score, 97, in the first stage), followed by Private Lyte of the Jersey Militia with 269, and by Lieutenant Warren of the First Middlesex, a popular gold medallist, also with 269. There was a large concourse of visitors to witness the shooting in the final stage. England was victorious last year, Scotland is this year, in the interesting Martini-Henry contest for the National Challenge Trophy, which is competed for by teams of twenty efficient Volunteers from each country. Scotland's total was 1,817 points, England's 1,808, followed by Wales with 1,763, and by Ireland with 1,758. But though Scotland's total exceeded that of England, Sergeant Bates, of the English team, scored 100 points, being one point more than was scored by any member of the Scottish team, in which the highest score was 99, reached by Private Muirhead of the Third Lanark. The competition for the Prince of Wales's prizes has been aptly termed a contest of giants, since it is restricted to winners of the N.R.A. silver and bronze medals—not recruits' medals—and to the N.R.A. silver medallists in connection with the Queen's Prize of the previous year. The chief prize, a badge and 100*l.*, has been carried off by Sergeant Woods, Third Hants. The *Graphic* Cup was won by Sergeant Reid, Third Gordon Highlanders.

LORD ROSEBERY was very busy on Monday afternoon. He opened both New Battersea Bridge and the new street and viaduct which run from the Holborn Town Hall to the Farringdon Road, and which has been called after him, Rosebery Avenue. In the peroration of his speech on the former of these occasions, "the new structure," he said, "unites Chelsea, the home of so many sages, with Battersea, the home of Bolingbroke. I hope that the union of sound sagacity with brilliant statesmanship so typified, may be long characteristic of the two localities." On the second occasion, Lord Rosebery made the satisfactory intimation that sufficient house-accommodation had been provided for the six or seven hundred persons displaced by the improvement.

THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BRITISH EAST AFRICAN COMPANY is cheerful as regards the past, and hopeful as to the future. It speaks of the directors' cordial appreciation of the effort of the Government to secure to them henceforth the advantage of an undisputed and peaceful possession of their territory. The limits within which the Company is now free to operate embrace, it is estimated, an area of more than 750,000 square miles, with an unbroken sea-face of about 400 square miles.—The joint manager of the African Lakes Company, whose head-quarters have been for eleven years in the Shiré Highlands, protests against the statement that they can be abandoned without prejudice to British interests. He says in conclusion that "the negotiations could not be in better hands than those of Lord Salisbury, the first British Premier who has earnestly studied and seriously grappled with the Central African problems."—Surgeon Parke reports Mr. Stanley to be quite convalescent.

THE MEETING IN LONDON of the Universal Peace Society has been followed by the second of the Inter-Parliamentary Conference on International Arbitration, the first meeting of which was held in Paris last year. The Continental element was so strong in the assembly that the proceedings were mainly conducted in French. Lord Herschell, who presided during their earlier stage, opened them in a speech not too expressive of a hope that international disputes would within any measurable period of time be adjusted by arbitration instead of by war. Letters of sympathy with the movement were read from Signor Crispi and the Vice-President of the German Reichstag, among others. A resolution was adopted welcoming such very slight symptoms of the progress of the cause as what was modestly termed "an effort" now being made to conclude a treaty of arbitration between France and the United States, countries which from the nature of the case can have but few causes of quarrel.

IN THE BILLS, just published, for taking the census next year, there are few alterations in the arrangements made for that of 1881. In England the only new question to be put is as to the

number of rooms rented by any occupier in occupation of fewer than five, and in Scotland whether any person speak Gaelic only, or both Gaelic and English.

"CABBY" ventilated his grievances at a meeting on Tuesday, presided over by Mr. J. Aird, M.P. One of the chief of them is the monopoly of admission to railway stations, enjoyed by "privileged" cabmen. On the 24th of August last, one of the speakers said, no fewer than 3,756 conveyed passengers to a City station, and returned empty. Could they after that, he asked, wonder if the streets were choked?

THE OFFICE OF RECEIVER-GENERAL OF INLAND REVENUE, with a salary of 1,000*l.* per annum, is vacant through the death, in his fifty-sixth year, of Sir Alfred F. A. Slade, third Baronet. He served with distinction, in the 57th Foot, throughout the Crimean Campaign, and was twice severely wounded; serving afterwards in India during the Mutiny. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Lewes, in 1865, and for Taunton in 1873. In 1875 he was appointed to the office in the Inland Revenue which he held until his death.

THE DEATH, at Paris, in his seventy-second year, is announced of Sir Richard Wallace, to whom his father, the famous Marquis of Hertford—the Lord Monmouth of Disraeli's "Coningsby"—bequeathed what he could bequeath, everything but his title and his entailed estates. Mr. Richard Wallace thus succeeded, twenty years ago, to great wealth, to Hertford House in London, and to the almost priceless collection of pictures and other art-treasures which his father had taken delight in collecting. While Hertford House—long tenantless, for the Marquis spent the latter part of his life in Paris—was being prepared for their reception, the world was startled by the news that their owner had found a home for them in the newly-opened Museum at Bethnal Green, where they not only astonished the "masses" but drew the "classes" in great numbers to visit that unfamiliar and most unfashionable locality. His philanthropy was more practically and effectively exhibited when Paris, which had been Mr. Wallace's home, and, previously, that of his father, was famine-struck as a result of its siege by the Germans; he was the first, on a magnificent scale, to relieve the sufferers as soon as relief was possible. This was only one of many acts of munificent generosity which endeared him to the Parisians, who mourn his death as that of one of their greatest benefactors, and whose municipal representatives have resolved, in grateful respect for his memory, to give his name to one of their streets. He was created a Baronet in 1871; and there being among the estates bequeathed to him one in County Antrim, he became in 1873 M.P. for Lisburn, a seat which he held until 1885. In 1878, after having been one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Paris Universal Exhibition, he was made a K.C.B. He was this year appointed High Sheriff of the county of London. In 1878 he had married Mlle. Castelnau, the daughter of a French military officer, his only child by whom, a son, died three years ago. It is understood that, being thus heirless, he intended to leave to England Hertford House and its contents, the value of which is estimated at three millions sterling; and the rest of his possessions to France.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Sarah, Viscountess Dillon; of Miss Lydia Becker, the well-known advocate on the platform and otherwise of female suffrage and women's rights generally, a leading member of the Manchester School Board since its commencement, an exemplary and accomplished lady, the authoress of several works, whose father, of German descent, was settled in business at Manchester; in his 78th year, of Mr. Francis H. Dickinson, from 1841 to 1847 Conservative M.P. for West Somersetshire, an active supporter of Church and agricultural societies; in his seventy-second year, of Mr. David Davies, successively a wood-sawyer, farmer, and railway-contractor in South Wales, latterly one of the foremost promoters of its ocean steam-coal industry, Liberal M.P. for the Cardigan district from 1870 to 1885, and for Cardiganshire when, in 1886, he lost his seat through having become a Liberal Unionist—a most munificent benefactor of the Welsh Calvinistic body; in his seventy-second year, of General Edward S. Claremont, for twenty-five years Military Attaché to the British Embassy in Paris; in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. James Meade, formerly Colonial Treasurer of Montserrat; and of the Hon. James White, the noted sportsman and member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK is compiling a biography of her late husband, representing him as a soldier, a philanthropist, and a lover of science. Emperor William contributes to the work, together with the Grand Duchess of Baden, Count von Moltke, Professor Curtius, and others.

ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC continue unusually numerous for the season. One vessel was two days amongst the bergs, which were very large and dangerous, while the Allan Liner *Hibernia* actually struck an iceberg during a fog. Fortunately she was proceeding slowly, and so escaped destruction.

KANGAROOS ARE TO BE IMPORTED INTO THE UNITED STATES to provide fresh big game for sportsmen, now that the buffalo is almost extinct. A number of wealthy Americans propose to introduce the kangaroos at the beginning of the summer, and house them in the Yellowstone Park until they become acclimatised.

VACCINATING FROM A DONKEY instead of a calf has been tried in Trichinopoly, but though the vaccination was successful, the experiment had to be relinquished through popular prejudice. Natives mostly object to vaccination at all, and the use of the donkey increased their dislike. Some castes consider the ass an unclean animal, while it is universally regarded as the goddess of ill-luck.

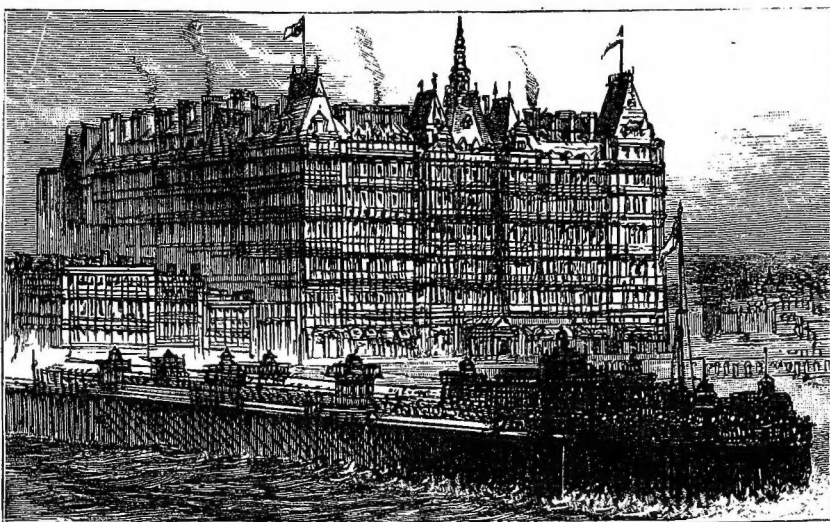
THE FAMOUS DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON is claimed this year by no fewer than nine couples, as a reward for perfect conjugal harmony. However, the Committee have only chosen two of the number to contest the prize, all middle-aged folk. It is nearly six centuries and a half since Robert de Fitzwalter first promised a flitch of bacon to the couple who could declare honestly that they had neither quarrelled nor repented of their marriage for a whole year and a day after the union. Evidently matrimonial quarrels were frequent in early English times, for the prize was not awarded for two hundred years after its institution.

A PRISONER was turned out of gaol recently in New South Wales because his keep cost the Government more than the amount of his debt. Over four years ago this man refused to pay the costs of a lawsuit—some 18*l.*—and went to prison instead. He would not declare himself a bankrupt, and thus obtain his freedom, wishing to illustrate the evils of the system of imprisonment for debt. The debtor's board amounted to 7*l.* 10*s.* annually, so after paying 30*l.* in the four years, and finding the prisoner determined to remain in prison for the rest of his life, the Government actually discharged his original debt in order to get rid of him.

VICTOR HUGO'S GRANDCHILDREN, Georges and Jeanne, are well known to all his readers through "L'Art d'être Grandpère," and the numerous charming verses which the poet wrote for his favourites. Georges has become an extravagant young man of the period, whose financial escapades lately interested the Parisians, and now the little Jeanne is a grown-up young lady, very pretty, and just engaged to the only son of M. Alphonse Daudet, the novelist. With her brother, Jeanne inherited half the grandfather's fortune, but she cannot be married till she comes of age, as Victor Hugo's peculiar will prevents any settlements being made.



VIEW OF THE COURTYARD



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SEA

THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, AT BRIGHTON, OPENED THIS WEEK



THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS LEAVING WELLINGTON BARRACKS FOR BERMUDA

FAIR ICONOCLASTS IN EGYPT

THE increased facilities of travel on the Nile, and the fact that Egypt has become a fashionable winter resort, are factors which yearly attract an increasing number of tourists of all classes and all nationalities to the shores of the historical river. For some reasons this is to be regretted. The monuments and the temples are rapidly being mutilated by relic-hunters, and by Arabs encouraged by the market in this sort of commodity which the travellers foster. Unless, therefore, vigorous steps are taken without further delay, either by the Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt or by the Egyptian Government, those portions of the *bas reliefs* and carvings which have hitherto escaped all the vicissitudes to which they have been subjected during the various epochs of Egyptian history are destined shortly completely to disappear.

Our illustration portrays some of our fair American cousins chipping away portions of the carving on the magnificent columns of the Ptolemaic Temple of Hathor or Venus at Denderah. This temple is one of the best-preserved and grandest monuments of Egypt, notwithstanding the fact that the art is in some respects inferior to that to be seen in some of the older temples. This imposing edifice is noted for having on its outer walls the supposed portrait-representations of Cleopatra and her son by Julius Cæsar. This fact apparently inspires those tourists suffering from the mania for collecting mementos of their peregrinations to possess themselves of pieces of the stonework, hence, month by month, during each season the mutilations exhibit increasing depth and breadth. The fair visitors to this historical temple whom our artist caught in the act of vandalism depicted, while keeping a good look-out for the inefficient Egyptian custodian, little thought that the artist busily engaged photographing in their vicinity was making notes for future use wherein their wanton pastime should be given publicity. We regret that truth to circumstances compels us to give the fair sex a prominence in this army of destroyers, for, as a matter of fact, it is very rarely during a sojourn on the Nile that a man is discovered engaged in this occupation, whereas certain types of ladies, who by dress and behaviour are generally to be found prominent members of the American personally-conducted parties, can constantly be seen engaged in similar work to that at which the three girls in our illustration were caught. It is to be hoped that effectual measures will soon be adopted for the protection of these relics of a bygone civilisation, whose existence is not of national, but of world-wide importance. Any tourist—irrespective of sex—caught mutilating any of these wonderful monuments should meet with summary punishment. Appeals to the good taste of the travelling community are of no avail; such destruction should be considered a crime of a specially heinous character, and be treated accordingly.

BISLEY

WE give on another page a series of illustrations of the new camping-ground of the National Rifle Association at Bisley. The general view shows the position occupied by the men who are firing in the first stage of the Queen's Prize, and it can readily be seen that the various squads told off for each target form an unbroken line from one end of the range to the other. In this respect the general aspect differs from that which used to meet the gaze of visitors to Wimbledon, where the targets were very much further apart, and their lines more scattered. The tents of the executive officers look a little more business-like, and are not so profusely decorated as they used to be at Wimbledon, a professional air prevailing which was not so much in evidence in the olden days when the picnic element was more in the ascendant. In certain prominent features, however, Bisley is very similar to Wimbledon. The Volunteers having become accustomed to the several arrangements of the various offices, order boards, refreshment pavilion, and Exhibition tent, the position they occupied in relation to one another, have been retained as nearly as possible at the new home of the Association, and as can be gleaned from the illustration are identical in structure. Although much further away from London, still the move must be pronounced a good one for the Volunteers, the place is healthier and drier, and the scenes, once only too common at Wimbledon, which certainly did not redound to the credit of the force, can scarcely be repeated at Bisley, for the distance is too great to benefit the mob of sightseers who encouraged the kind of entertainment to which we refer.

GARDEN PARTY AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

ON Monday, July 14th, the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a garden party at Marlborough House to meet the Queen. In view of the unsettled weather which has prevailed during the present summer, the Prince prudently instructed his expected guests not to come if the afternoon should prove wet. Fortunately, however, the weather remained fine, so that a number of Royal personages and a host of notabilities assembled to do honour to the Sovereign of these realms. The bands of the First Life Guards and of the Grenadier Guards discoursed excellent music in the garden during the afternoon, and the Royal Hand-bell Ringers were also in attendance. Our artist has selected for his drawing the moment when the Queen, who had been leaning on the arm of her eldest son, gave her hand to Mr. Gladstone, while the Prince of Wales offered Sir Frederick Leighton a similar salute. Behind are seen the Princess of Wales, Mrs. Gladstone, and Mr. Henry Irving.

THE SECOND BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS

AT 10.30 A.M., on Monday, July 21st, the Second Battalion Grenadier Guards were paraded at Wellington Barracks for inspection by the Duke of Cambridge before proceeding on foreign service to Bermuda. The battalion, dressed as for guard, save that the men wore forage-caps instead of bearskins, were commanded by Colonel the Hon. H. Eaton, Colonel Maitland, who had steadily refused to resign, having been suspended. The few spectators who were admitted to the depressing spectacle were ex-officers of the Guards, and friends of the officers. The battalion was drawn up in line, with the colours. When the Duke of Cambridge arrived at 11.45, he was received with a Royal salute, and after riding down the line took up his post at the saluting-point. After the march past, the battalion was moved into a corner of the parade and formed square. The Duke rode into the square, and addressed the assembled troops in language of energetic reproof. He said that he had always looked on the Grenadiers as the model regiment of the Army, but he could no longer speak of them as Guards, as they had by their conduct brought disgrace on what he had till then considered the finest regiment in the service. He then successively censured the non-commissioned and the commissioned officers, and rode off the ground, saying to Colonel Eaton, "Good-bye, and be good to the men." His speech lasted about ten minutes. After the Duke's departure, the prisoners condemned by the Court-Martial were brought out to hear their sentences read. Four men were sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour (one of them to be in addition dismissed with ignominy); and two men were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour. The prisoners were then dressed in prison clothes, handcuffed, and driven to Brixton Military Prison. On Tuesday the battalion proceeded to Chatham by train, and there embarked on board the *Tamar* for Bermuda.



THE SEASON.—After we all thought that St. Swithin had righted matters, and that "for forty days it would rain no more," it was terribly disappointing to find the 17th a day of almost unparalleled heaviness of rainfall, and the 18th little better. The weather since the latter date has improved, but it is impossible to speak of the prospects of the harvest as at all encouraging. We have certainly less hope of a good wheat crop than we had a couple of months ago, and it is also thought that the barley can be no longer relied upon as likely to show satisfactory malting quality, except as quite an exception. This, however, is probably more or less within the making of the next three weeks. Oats have done well, and so have peas; but potatoes, which require a dry and genial season almost as much as wheat, in order to yield really freely, are getting in a bad way. The damage done to the hop gardens has been exaggerated, or rather the washing influence of the rains has not been fairly set off against the injury inflicted by the storms. Want of steady sunshine, however, remains the crowning trouble of the season. It is time the cereal crops were turning yellow to harvest, and few indeed are the fields, even in counties like Hampshire and Sussex, where they are otherwise than green. In the North, a wet July nearly always means that a portion of the crops never has a chance of ripening at all. The destructive character of the thunderstorms has been marked even in the district round London, but it has been worse in Devon, and also in Suffolk. The area of land flooded in Somerset and Devon is very large, while in Suffolk the lightning has been particularly destructive. During a recent storm at Playford, a poplar tree was struck by lightning, and the bark was completely stripped from top to bottom; one piece, weighing six pounds, was picked up 126 yards away from the tree. There were odd fragments of bark, &c., dispersed over an area of a couple of acres. Several cows and a number of smaller animals have fallen victims to the storms, but human life has happily escaped.

STRAWBERRIES.—The season for strawberries, now on the wane, has been a good one, for there has been size and abundance to set against a certain weakness of flavour consequent on the want of sunshine; and on the whole the balance has been in favour of, and not against, the year. The increased demand for strawberries is a healthy sign, the English as a nation not consuming a sufficiency of fresh fruit, and the strawberry being especially hygienic in its effects. There is a good deal of nutriment in the fruit; it assimilates with many constitutions dyspeptic to most things, and it is with some people almost a specific against gout and rheumatism, of course in their incipient forms. The best of this year's strawberries in flavour was perhaps the "Crescent" seedling, a very early variety, which bears fruit of medium size and fine colour. This sort seems to have done better this season than the "King of the Earthies," but such might not be the case another year. The famous "Noble" variety has been sadly off flavour this season, though the yield per acre has sometimes been almost fabulous. The "British Queen" easily holds its own on light soils and in south-eastern England, but it does not do well on clays, and, indeed, is not to our mind ever at its best when grown more than a hundred miles from London. Two varieties which give more flavour than most this season are the "Hautbois" and the "Alice Maude." The French strawberry "Auguste Nicaise" is hard to beat; it has a full and luscious flavour, which is rare in Continental varieties. Barnes's "Prolific" is a hardy sort, which may be recommended to growers in the less genial counties. We continue to see strawberries, even at the best houses, served in pyramidal form, or otherwise piled. This is, however, an error, and affects the flavour injuriously. The fruit should be touched as little as possible, not only by hands, but by other berries. The proportion of leaves is almost always too scanty when the fruit is served.

APPROACHING SHOWS.—Although the Royal, the Winchester, and the Rochester Shows have exhausted interest for the time being in the counties south of the Thames, the Show Season is not by any means over. In the north, Durham has hardly concluded a gathering at West Hartlepool than Northumberland takes up the running with a Show at Alnwick, and the Royal Manchester and Liverpool Show follows on with a big gathering at Crewe. In the west Cheshire has a Show, which is held by combination with the previous Society, at Crewe, while on July 30th and 31st Welsh agriculturists will be assembled in their thousands at Aberavon. In mid-England Leicestershire has a big Show fixed for the same days, while on August 1st the Cambridge gathering is expected to attract farmers, and particularly horse-breeding farmers, for more than a hundred miles round. Crossing the Border, we find that the Highland Society meet at Dundee on July 29th and four following days, while a Lowland gathering of almost equal importance in some respects is fixed to take place at Kelso on August 5th.

WHEAT AND COWS.—Even good wheat continues very cheap, and if the harvest prove wet there will be a large quantity of corn practically unsaleable for human consumption directly. We say "directly," because observation has convinced us of the good return which comes back to us *indirectly* when the wheat is fed to cows. Steep 10 lbs. of wheat in a large bucket, and mix it with a bucketful of chaff. Cows will relish this food, and give milk well upon it. The Australian farmers put a bushel of dry wheat into a half-hogshead tub, and sufficient water (lukewarm, at least) to cause swelling, and cover the tub with a lid or with matting until the wheat is sufficiently steeped. After draining off the water, an equal bulk, or, perhaps, 11 to 10—any trifling excess—of chaff is added, and the whole is left to ferment for twenty-four hours before being fed to the cows.

NORTHUMBERLAND is a cold and bleak county enough, yet it is between Newcastle and Berwick that the Earthly Paradise besought of Socialist poets is apparently to be found. Not only has every cottage a garden-plot, but half the inhabitants of this happy village have allotments as well. There is a common of 700 acres, on which the bite is so good that cow-keeping is vastly encouraged, and consequently even more inhabitants have a cow or cows than have allotments. The "woman of three cows," a byword for pride in Connemara and Tipperary, would here be but at most a "rising" owner. The common land is a good "note," and is commended to the attention of philanthropists—and others. The right of grazing a cow would, we believe, be cheerfully paid for by many labourers, and many a landowner might profitably so let out an enclosure of fields.

THE ENGLISH CORN-GROWER is likely to benefit by the American adoption of the Silver Bill. The rise of silver amounts to 5d. on the ounce since last year, and the rupee has risen 2½d. on the florin. Russian roubles have advanced 5d. on the three shillings. The American, Russian, and Indian wheat-crops of 1890 are not likely to be put on sale at Mark Lane except at a price making up to the grower for these changes, which, in the case of exclusively silver countries, are really large. The net result will be that foreign wheat will not come quite so near to English average prices as in recent seasons, and accordingly the English average will be enabled to "creep up." Even spring corn may profit, for foreign oats are

derived for the most part from Russia, and many feeding stuffs of importance, such as linseed and rapeseed, not to speak of various sorts of pulse, come from India. The ultimate effects of the change in silver belong to *la haute finance*; they may possibly involve reaction, but we are not speaking of them here.



THE BRAEMAR GATHERING takes place this year at Balmoral by the Queen's desire, Her Majesty having also fixed the date—September 4th.

THE FORMATION OF AN AMAZON CORPS has been proposed to the Austrian Emperor by certain martially-inclined ladies in Galicia. They urge that as men are liable to military service, women ought to enjoy equal rights in the matter, "often being more robust and courageous than effeminate men." The weapons now in use are easily managed, say the petitioners, who entreat the Emperor to enrol them as a Volunteer regiment in the regular Army.

MR. STANLEY is now convalescent. He can take solid food again, and walks daily with his wife in the grounds of Melchet Court, besides driving in the New Forest. According to Dr. Parkes Mr. Stanley's illness was due to the mass of correspondence which inundated him in London, leaving no time for proper exercise. Happily, his present quarters are six miles from a railway-station and a Post-office, so he is free from visitors or many letters.

A RIGHTLY-NAMED "ODDE PYE" was consumed by a country branch of the "Odde Volumes" Club, when recently enjoying a summer picnic. The "pye" contained field-voles, hedgehogs, frogs, rabbits, eggs, beef, bacon, thrushes, blackbirds, greenfinches, sparrows, and seven fine specimens of the common barn-rat, grain-fed. The members declared this dainty most appetising—possibly, however, before they knew what the ingredients were, as the secret of the composition was strictly preserved for the time.

DR. PETERS has earned the name of "the cattle thief" in East Africa. When he arrived at the coast from Uganda, the German explorer brought down several hundred head of stolen cattle, and his followers declared that he had lived on the proceeds of his raiding ever since leaving the coast. He was very proud of this success, and of his contests with the Ugogo, which entailed severe fighting. He met Emin Pasha on his way home, and only stayed a few days at Zanzibar, embarking for Germany on Tuesday last.

ALSACE-LORRAINE IS AGAIN TO BE A ROYAL RESIDENCE, as the German Emperor has bought an extensive estate near Metz, the d'Urville domain, for a shooting resort. Castle d'Urville is a handsome Renaissance building, standing in the midst of a fine park, with neighbouring forest lands teeming with game, and productive meadows and orchards. Though it belonged last to a Metz tanner, the estate was originally Royal property, having been a little Sovereign State which Louis XVI. bought from Maria Theresa. The unfortunate French King intended to take refuge there when he had escaped from Paris, as he could easily fly over the frontier to Luxembourg. At his fall the estate became national property, and was sold to private owners.

THE RAINFALL FOR THE PRESENT SUMMER exceeds the average in every part of the United Kingdom, except in a few portions of the Midland Counties and some central districts in Ireland. As to London, more rain fell in the first half of this month than in the whole of seventy out of the last seventy-eight Julys. Indeed, since 1813, the rainfall of the entire summer season has only sixteen times exceeded that of the past six weeks. Altogether London seems to have been more unfortunate than any other district, for her six weeks' rainfall of 7.4 inches heads the list, being most nearly equalled by that of Jersey, 6.9 inches. So, too, with the sunshine, which is the least recorded since the observations began in 1877. During these six weeks the sun did not shine visibly for a quarter of the time during which he was above the horizon. Temperature has not risen above 70 deg. on more than eight days, and has not exceeded 60 deg. on four.

THE BRITISH CENSUS will be taken on April 5th, 1891. The particulars required in England and Wales are almost identical with those of the last census, except that the "rank" of each person will not be demanded, whilst every lodger must mention the number of rooms he rents. Every person sleeping in a house on the night of the census must state his or her full name, sex, age, profession, whether married or single, relation to head of family, birthplace, and if blind, deaf or dumb, imbecile or lunatic. In Scotland the inhabitants are asked whether they speak only Gaelic, or both Gaelic and English; and in Ireland, as before, the religious profession of each person must be set down. Canada also numbers her people next year, and expects to return a population exceeding five millions. All the details of the recent census in the United States are not yet completed; but a rough estimate puts the population of New York at 1,613,501, and that of Chicago at over 1,100,000 souls.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS, whose Silver Jubilee of rule is now being commemorated with so much enthusiasm, has won his subjects' affections by his thorough homeliness and sympathetic nature. King Leopold dislikes pomp and show, and though no Sovereign could be more agreeable and genial at State festivities, he is happiest in his quiet domestic life at Laeken or ruralising at his chalet at Ostend. When at the latter watering-place, the King strolls about among the people like any ordinary person, wearing rather a shabby black coat and a straw hat, and gossiping with the fishermen and the working classes. If by chance one of the fishermen or workmen does not recognise his Sovereign, and calls him "sir," King Leopold is delighted. The King has devoted much thought to the condition of the working classes, while the various public works and philanthropic institutions which he has established illustrate his zeal for his people's welfare. Geography and engineering are his special hobbies. Thus to represent Leopold II. in his favourite surroundings he should be painted in his study with his plain wooden carvings, working hard in the early morning amidst masses of notes, maps, and plans.

THE POPE has aroused an animated controversy by his drive last week, when he passed through a little street just outside the Vatican gardens. Italian and foreign Liberals exult that His Holiness has broken the tradition of being a prisoner in the Vatican, and the Clericals explain, with equal care, that the said street is part of the Vatican precincts, and was often used by Pius IX., not being considered beyond the Papal territory. Meanwhile, the Pope has just finished his long-expected Encyclical on the Social Question, which he had planned previous to the publication of the German Emperor's famous Labour Reform edict. But Leo XIII. works very slowly, and jots down his ideas on scraps of paper in rough form months before developing them into a formal Encyclical. Just now he spends his days in the little Casino of Pius IV. in the Vatican gardens, and returns to his apartments in the Vatican for the night, as the Casino is damp. Before leaving in the morning, he locks up his rooms and pockets the keys, as he recently found that many scraps of his personal property were spirited away to be sold as relics. The Pope will shortly throw open to the public the Borgia rooms in the Vatican, which were decorated by Pinturicchio for Alexander VI. These six rooms were inhabited only by the early Popes, being soon deserted as unhealthy, and have since been used as a private picture-gallery and a medical library.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Will you allow me to go forward?" asked Urith, coldly.

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER III.

CAUGHT UP ON THE WAY

ANTHONY looked back. Strange was the appearance of the moor side half-lighted by the skies reddened with the reflection of fires beyond the hills, but with its surface travelled over by sparks. An imaginative mind might have thought that mountain gnomes were alert, and were rambling torch in hand over the moor. Now one red spark wandered along in solitude, then out flashed a second, and ran to meet it; as if they were the lights of comrades hailing each other. Suddenly a score sparkled and danced in a ring, and were as suddenly extinguished. Or it might be supposed that the spirits of the primeval tin-workers had returned to earth once more, and were revisiting their ancient circles and avenues of stone, to perform in them the rites of a forgotten religion.

To the south-east rose Mistor, one of the loftiest summits on the moor, on whose rocky crest, scooped out by wind and water, is a huge circular bowl, called by the natives the Devil's Fryingpan, in which he prepares the storms that lash and explode on the moor. And now it really seemed as though the Spirit of the Tempest were at work, brewing in his bowl.

In the strange after-glow that practically lighted the hill-side could be seen dark figures descending the Lyke-Way, and approaching the ford where Anthony was vainly endeavouring to force his cob to cross. Anthony uttered an oath, and then redoubled his attempts to drive the brute into the water. But it came to the edge, snuffed, and recoiled.

"What is it?" asked Urith, still watching the pursuing shadows.

Urith ran back over the stones.

"Only some folks coming after us. By heaven! I wish I could get this cursed beast over."

"If you take the bridle on one side, I on the other, and coax the horse, we can cross by the double stones, and he can go in the middle."

"As the bearers with the dead," said Anthony.

Urith patted the frightened beast, talked to him, praised him, and taking the bridle, quietly led him down to the stream. Ever and anon, she turned to look back, and saw the shadowy figures rapidly nearing. Who could they be? Would they recognise her? Were they such as would be likely to recognise her? What, if they knew her, would they think of her being at such a time, and in such a place, alone with Anthony Cleverdon?

Would it be advisable to step aside, and let these travellers pass without seeing her? But she was too ashamed to make such a pro-

posal to her companion. So, as she was caressing the horse, and urging him into the water, these pursuers, whoever they were, drew nearer. She could distinguish that they were mounted.

Anthony stood on the stepping-stones on one side, Urith on those upon the other. The frightened horse cautiously put his hoofs in, snuffed at the water, began to drink, recovered confidence, and allowed himself to be led along through the stream.

They were past the middle of the river when the pursuers came to the side of the stream, and a loud male voice exclaimed—

"There is the runaway, and by God—not alone!"

Urith shuddered, her hand twitched at the bridle, and made the horse start. She knew the voice well. It was not a pleasant one, harsh, and with mockery and insult in its tones. As her hand contracted, so did her heart, and sent a rush of blood tingling to her temples.

"That is Fox Crymes!" she said to her companion, "the last, the very last man I would have had see me here."

"Why the last?" asked Anthony, stepping on the bank, and leading the horse up on the land. "Why the last that you would have seen you, Urith?"

"Because it was on his account I ran away."

"What!" laughed Anthony, "Then it is Fox whom you would have bitten, had he allowed you to fasten your teeth on him?"

Urith's colour deepened; if Anthony had had pity, he would not have said this. If he had looked in her face, he would have seen how dark it was with shame and vexation.

"You wring all out. You are cruel—yes, Fox Crymes," she muttered.

"And I am not surprised. I would like to thrash him," said Anthony. "For one thing, for coming up with us now."

The pursuing party consisted of but three, Fox—his real Christian name was Anthony—and two others, Bessie, the sister of Anthony Cleverdon, and Julian, Fox Crymes' half-sister. Both Crymes and Cleverdon had the same Christian name. Old Cleverdon, the father, had been sponsor to Crymes, and in compliment to him he had received at the font his godfather's name.

Fox was the only son of Fernando Crymes. Since childhood he had borne the nickname, partly because of his red hair, partly because of his pointed features, also, in a measure, because it was thought that somewhat of the craft and subtlety of Reynard was entwined in his nature. He did not object to the designation; it had attached itself to him at an early age, when it conveyed no meaning to his mind, and in maturer years he accepted it without demur, and was perhaps a little proud that he should be credited with superior shrewdness.

After the death of Fox's mother, old Fernando Crymes had married an heiress—a Glanville—and by her had a single daughter, Julian, at whose birth this second wife had died. Fernando Crymes, though belonging to a very ancient and estated family, had frittered away such remains of the property as had come to him, and would have been reduced to threadbare circumstances had not his second marriage rehabilitated him. He was trustee for his daughter, and lived on her estate. His son, Anthony, was but too well aware that the portion of goods that would fall to himself must be small, whereas his half-sister would be wealthy. The consciousness of this disparity in their prospects affected their relations to each other. Julian was disposed to imperiousness, and Fox of no opportunity pass of saying or doing something to annoy her.

"You have played us a scurvy trick, Anthony," said Fox, as he splashed through the river, and came up with the two on the further bank; then pushing close to Urith, whom Anthony had remounted on his saddle, he peered rudely into her face. He uttered an exclamation of rage as he recognised her, and turned away towards Cleverdon, and said, in a rasping tone, "We awaited you at the tavern an endless age, ever expecting you to come and let us know whether you had found the colts or not. I assured your sister and mine that you were after game of some sort, and the colt-seeking was a mask, but they would not believe me. Finally, I went to the stable, and found that you had slipped away without a word."

"Was I bound to let you know I was going home?" asked Anthony Cleverdon, without an effort to disguise his ill-humour.

"Bound, certainly, by all the ties of breeding and good-fellowship," answered Fox. "But, in good faith, when a woman is concerned, all other considerations are thrown to the winds."

Then he fell back, and addressing his sister Julian and Bessie Cleverdon loud enough to be overheard by those in front, he said, "I never doubted but that Anthony came after something other than colts, and to make a mock of us. I told you as much when we were at the Saracen's Head, and you scouted my words. You said the Fox was ever suspicious, but the Fox has his eye and his nose and ear keen, and I saw, and smelt, and heard what was hidden to duller senses."

Cleverdon turned round. He was angry, but he said nothing. Fox Crymes went on, tauntingly. "There is game of all sorts on the Moor; but, good Lord! it is sometimes hard to say which is the game and which the sportsman, and which has been in pursuit of the other."

"Silence that malicious tongue of yours, or I will silence it for you," said Anthony, angrily.

THE GRAPHIC

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"O! I am always to be threatened whenever I draw my bow, but you—are to be scatheless, whatever your conduct be."

"You fight unfairly, with poisoned weapons."

"And you retaliate, like a wild man, with a bludgeon," answered Crymes. "Are we to hold our hands when treated by you as it has pleased you? You invited us to attend you to the Moor and spend with you a merry day, and then you desert us. Are we not free to question why we are thus treated?"

Then Bessie rode forwards beside Urith, and asked, "Tell me, how came you here?"

"She lost her way in the smoke, and no marvel," said Anthony Cleverdon. "I discovered her strayed among the bogs, and engirded with flames; and had I not done so, she would have stayed all night."

"But what brought her on to the moors?"

"The same occasion that brought you, Bess—she came to see the fires. She became distraught with the smoke, wandered, and lost all knowledge of her direction."

"It is well, brother, that you found her," said Elizabeth; and then, in a lower tone, "Brother, brother, speak to Julian. You have been short of courtesy to-day, and she resents it."

Anthony shrugged his shoulders.

"I will ride alongside of Urith," said Elizabeth Cleverdon. "You must not allow it to be observed that you lack manners, brother Anthony. You persuaded Julian and me to come with you and see the moor on fire, and you have left us to ourselves, and now disregard her markedly."

Whilst the brother and sister were in conversation near the horse on which Urith was mounted, Julian Crymes passed them with averted head, and took the lead along the Lyke-Way. Anthony, admonished by Bessie, strode forward after her, but with a frown and curl of the lips.

Julian Crymes was a handsome dark-haired girl, with a rich, warm complexion, and full lips and rounded chin. Her eyes were large, with that droop in the lids that gives an impression of sensuous languor.

She heard Anthony tread at her side, but did not deign to cast on him a look, neither did she throw a word at him. Indeed, she was angry and offended, her bosom was heaving, her blood was simmering, and her lips she bit to prevent their quiver. Anthony was out of humour at having been caught up by the party, and was conscious that he had not behaved with civility, but was too proud in himself, too indifferent to the feelings of others, to acknowledge himself to be in the wrong, and to make amends for his lack of courtesy to others.

Accordingly they pursued their way, side by side, she riding with averted head, he pacing with knitted brows and downcast eyes, in silence, and for some considerable distance.

The situation was irksome. Each, instead of speaking, was endeavouring to catch what was said in the rear, each with suspicion that Fox was saying something behind their backs which would cause the left ear to tingle.

Julian was the first to find the situation intolerable, and to break from it. She turned her head over her shoulders and said,

"Bessie could hardly be persuaded to leave the Saracen's Head, even when she heard that you had taken your horse and had ridden away. She has a marvellous faith in you, not shaken by a thousand evidences that you are wanting in those qualities on which faith can be reared. After this day's experience, even if I at any time shared in her estimation of your qualities of cavalier, I shall cease to do so for the future. The first obligation of a cavalier is to be mannerly towards ladies."

"You had Fox with you. I found Urith lost in the morasses, and was forced to help a damsel who was in jeopardy—that, I take it, is the first duty of a cavalier. You were in no straits and she was. You had help, she none."

"You might have called us to aid you in extracting her from the morass, or in assisting her to reach her home afterwards."

Anthony made no reply to this. No reply was possible.

"Come!" said Julian, the pent-up anger in her heart flashing forth. "Have you no apology to offer for your misconduct?"

"What would you have me say?"

"Nay! It is not for me to put the words into your mouth."

"I have told you my reason."

"A poor and pitiful reason, ungarnished with excuse to hide its sorry nature. If the reason be bad, so much the more should it be trimmed with excuses."

"If I have offended you, I am sorry. I cannot help it."

Julian tossed her head. She was highly incensed. He made no attempt to mollify her.

Fox came alongside.

"I hope, Julian," he said, "that you have soundly rated Anthony for his ill-conduct."

She did not answer.

"We might have had a merry canter home over the turf," continued Fox, "had not Anthony spoiled our fun by setting all our tempers on the edge. But it may be that it better comports with the character of the Lyke-Way that we should travel over it rather as mourners than as merry-makers, and that, forsooth, we are, bearing dead fellowship between us."

"There is no occasion for that," said Anthony.

"In truth there is, though you who have slain it may not be ware."

"I have no desire to spoil your mirth," said Cleverdon. "Ride on yourself, Fox, with your sister, and leave me behind."

"Julian and I are the worst of company together. We snarl and snap at each other when a third, not of the family, is not by to control us. We will certainly not leave you. I can see that Julian is already in no agreeable mood, and I dare not venture myself in her company unprotected."

"I—I!" said Julian Crymes, tossing her head, "I—you mistake, Tony, I am merry."

Fox Crymes laughed mockingly, and spurred on his horse, leaving his sister with Anthony. Bessie brought up the rear with Urith. The train was, as he said, more in character with the way than if it had been composed of merry-makers. Urith and Bessie spoke together in a low tone; now that Fox had ridden forward, silence again fell on Anthony and Julian. He could not have seen the face of Julian had he essayed to do so, for he walked on the off-side, and she kept her head averted, and he his eyes depressed. She was glad that her face was hidden from observation, so agitated was it with disappointment, wounded pride, and jealousy.

Then Fox, ahead, began to sing to himself in strident tones a snatch of an old ballad, and every word in it fell on Julian's heart as a drop of burning phosphorus that no water will extinguish, but that burns down where it has fallen, burying itself, till it has exhausted its fire.

If I of marriage spake one word,
I wot it was not true.
Man loveth none so easy won,
So over fond as you.
All in your garden grows a herb,
I think they call it rue;
There willows weep o'er waters deep—
That is the place for you.

The tears of mortification rushed into Julian's eyes. Her bosom heaved, and sharply she wheeled her horse about, rode back to those that followed, and said to Bessie, in a voice quivering with emotion, "Go on to the two Anthonies. I want a word with Urith."

Without demur Elizabeth left her place and passed Julian, who

drew up across the road to force Urith to rein in. Urith looked at her with some surprise. She did not know Julian except by sight: she had never spoken to her in her life. And now this latter stayed her course as though she were a highwayman demanding her purse. Julian at first was unable to speak, choked by her passion. She panted for breath and laboured for words, and both failed her. With nervous hands she plucked at her gloves, and dragged rather than drew them off.

"Will you allow me to go forward?" asked Urith coldly.

Then all at once Julian broke forth into a stream of words, disconnected, fiery with the fury that raged within.

"You would snatch him away! You! And you do not know, or you do not care, that he and I are destined for each other—have been ever since our cradles. Who are you to come between us? What are you, Urith Malvine, but a half-savage moor-girl? I have heard of you. Folks have tongues, and tell tales. Why did you come forth on the moor, but because you were aware that he was here? You came to play the forlorn damsel—to attract the pity and ensure the attention of this knight-errant. Are you crafty? I am not. I am straightforward, and do not deign to wear a false face, and put the domino on my heart. I have heard of you; but I never supposed you were crafty." She half-started up in her stirrups:

"Would we might fight out our quarrel here, on this spot."

She had reared her arm with her whip, the horse started, and she sank back on her seat; she had exhausted her words for the moment. Her blood tumbled, roared, flowed in her arteries like the river on the moor behind them.

"You are mistaken," said Urith with composure. "You flare forth unprovoked; or is it that you are angry with me because I have refused to have anything to say to your brother?"

"To Fox!" Julian laughed contemptuously. "I respect you for that. I never supposed that you or any sane girl would care for him. But the wherefore of his rejection I did not know till this day. I little suspected that Fox was cast aside because you were questioning him who is mine—is mine, do you hear? Do you understand that he is not, and never shall be, yours? He is mine, and neither you nor any other shall pluck him from me. I would we might fight this out together with these weapons!" She reverted to the thought that had occupied her when the horse started and interrupted the thread of her ideas.

"You, I see, have Anthony's crop that I gave him on his birthday; and I have but this lady's switch. I do not consider the difference. Just as we are—as we sit on our horses, here, on the turf and heather, with our whips—would to God we might fight it out!"

Again she paused for breath, and panted, and put both her hands to her bounding heart—the hand that held the whip and that in which was the bridle and her gloves.

Then she began to cut with her whip, and the horse she rode to curvet.

"Even with this little lash I would fight you, and slash you up and down across your treacherous face; and if you struck me I should not feel the blows—but there, it would not be seemly. Alack the day in which we are fallen—when we are covered with a net of such delicacy that we may not lift hand or foot to right ourselves!"

She drew a long breath and laid both her hands on the whip and bridle over the mane of the horse, and, leaning forward, said—

"But who—what could interfere if we went a race down the hill-side among the bogs and rocks, so that one or other would be flung at a stumble of our steeds, and dash out the brains from our heads on the boulders? Would that please you? Would that approve itself to you? I should draw rein and laugh were that to chance to you." Then, in an explosion of jealousy and rage, she dashed her gloves in the face of Urith. "I dare you! Yes, I dare you to wrest him from me!"

Urith sat on the horse unmoved. She was surprised, she was not angry. This was the foaming over of boiling passion, but not a frenzied paroxysm such as came upon herself. The charges brought against her were monstrous, untrue—so monstrous and so untrue that they bore no sting that could pain her.

She replied in her rich deep tones, and with composure, "You mistake. I will not take up your challenge. What is Anthony to me? What am I to him? You are beautiful, clever, and rich—and I," she laughed, "I am but an ungroomed, undisciplined moor-colt, who never gave a thought to her looks, whether fair or foul. I am without wit, without scholarship, living with my mother on our poor manor, so poor in means as to be hardly accounted gentle, yet, by birth, too gentle to be esteemed boors. No, I will not contest with you. We are furnished unequally for a contest, you have the long whip and I but the switch."

At that moment the wind, blowing strongly, carried a tuft of ignited gorse overhead, and as it bore the tuft, fanned into flame, and the glare momentarily kindled the faces of the two girls planted in opposition.

Each saw the other clearer than in daylight, for the light fell on their faces and the background was sable, unilluminated. As Urith looked, she saw how handsome was her opponent, with fluttering locks, her colour heightened by wrath, her full lips trembling, her eyes flashing. She thought that if she were to match herself against such an one she would come away with ignominious defeat; and Julian, by the same light, and at the same moment, formed her opinion of the rival facing her, recognised her strength, her charm, and felt that she was a girl who would jeopardise her hold over Anthony, and imperil her happiness.

Both were strong women, one threatening, the other reluctant to fight. Would they come into real conflict? Would the reluctance of the one be overcome? Would the threat of the first lead to action? And, if they fought, which would win?

"No," said Urith, "I do not covet the prize. So much for one thing. For the other, as I said, the odds are unequal."

"Then," said Julian, "return me my gloves."

"I suppose they have fallen. Would you have me dismount to search the grass for them? Get off your horse yourself, or call Fox to your aid. I will not stoop to look for them for you."

"You have my gloves. They are not on the ground. Return them to me, or I—"

Then Urith impatiently whipped her horse and thrust Julian aside. "This is arrant folly," she said; "I want to be at home. I will be stayed by you no longer."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUSPENSE

THE ill-assorted, discordant party pushed on as fast as possible along a road that, as it neared inhabited country, became rough and uncertain, and under a sky of diminished light, for the heather on this portion of the moor had been burnt early in the day, and hardly any of the embers remained aglow.

No combination was possible that would content all, for every one except the good-humoured Bessie had some private grudge against another, and Bessie herself was depressed by the general dissatisfaction.

Anthony Cleverdon was vexed that he had not been left to convey Urith to her home undisturbed, though he admitted to himself that for her sake the present accidental arrangement was the best. Julian Crymes, still incandescent in her anger and jealousy, was unwilling to speak to Anthony, and unwilling to allow him to leave her side to address a word to, and show attention to, Urith. When she did speak to him, it was in a taunting tone, and his answers were curt, almost to rudeness.

The temper of Fox Crymes, never smooth, was now fretted to considerable asperity; for he was smarting under the sense of rejection. He had asked for the hand of Urith, and had been refused, and he saw, or suspected that he saw, a reason for his rejection,—an attachment for Anthony Cleverdon. Fox was vain and conceited, and envious of his namesake, who had superior physical powers, a finer person, and a better fortune than himself. He was not sorry that his half-sister was disappointed, for whatever might distress her gave pleasure to him. However, the occasion of her distress on this occasion was something that wounded him as well as her.

Fox loved Urith, as far as he was capable of loving, but the jealousy he now felt was no measure of his love; like the famous Serpent's Egg, it was bred of a score of parents. It was the produce of mortified vanity, of envy of Anthony Cleverdon's superior gifts of nature and fortune, of disappointed avarice, quite as much as of rejected love.

Fox Crymes' suit for Urith was not instigated wholly by his admiration for her charms; it sprang quite as much out of his desire to obtain the small patrimony which would fall to her on her mother's decease.

Willsworthy was an ancient manor, never of great importance, and without fertility, yet not despicable in the eyes of a poor gentleman. It lay on the extreme limits of cultivated land, or rather it may be said to have occupied the debateable ground between the waste and culture. It occupied a hill that ran as a spur out of the moorland, between torrents, and seemed to be what, no doubt, it was, a portion of wilderness snatched from savagery, and hedged in. It possessed no good soil, it lay too high for wheat to ripen on it, it was destitute of those pasture meadows by the waterside, where the grass grows knee-deep, and is gold-sprinkled in spring with buttercups; it was dominated by rugged tors, and stood near the entrance of the gorge of the Tavy, where it roared and leaped, and shot as it came down into the lowlands, and with it came down the cold blasts that also roared and whirled, and beat about the lone Manor of Willsworthy.

Mrs. Malvine talked disparagingly of her farm; her brother Solomon Gibbs averred it was an estate on which to starve, and not to live. Urith accepted their verdict as final, she knew the need for money that ever prevailed in her house; and yet Fox Crymes cast greedy eyes upon the estate. He saw that it possessed capabilities that were disregarded by the widow and her brother. The manor owned considerable rights. It had the freedom of the moor, to send out upon it an unlimited number of sheep and cattle and colts; at a time when English wool was fetching a high price, and was exported to the Mediterranean, to Cadiz, to Leghorn, to Palermo, to Marseilles, this was important,—it afforded exceptional opportunities of making money. There needed but the initial outlay on the stock, their keep was free. Not only so, but sheep in lowlands were, in wet seasons, afflicted with disease which slew them in great numbers, which sometimes exterminated entire flocks. But sheep on the moor were never known thus to suffer, they enjoyed perfect immunity from the many maladies which attend keeping them on cultivated land.

The climate in the West of England is so mild that it was possible to let the sheep run on the moor through the major portion of the year; only for a few months in the depth of the winter, possibly only when snow lay on the moor, was it needful to provide them with food; and the meadows of Willsworthy, though they did not produce rank grass, yet produced hay that was extraordinary sweet and nutritious, and in sufficient abundance to support a large number of sheep and cattle for the short time during which they were debarred from foraging for themselves. Anthony Crymes saw plainly enough, that if he had the management of the estate of Willsworthy he would make it a mine of gold; and that the reason why it did not now flourish was the lack of capital in the acres, and mismanagement. Anthony Crymes knew that some money would come to him from his father, not indeed much, but just sufficient for his purpose, should he acquire this property—and he was very ambitious of obtaining it.

At present, Mrs. Malvine entrusted the conduct of the farm to her brother Solomon, who belied his name; he was a man without any knowledge of farming, and with no interest save in his violin, and who took delight only in good company. The farm was allowed to take its course, which was naturally a retrograde one,—a relapse from former culture into pristine wilderness.

At the period of this tale, some two hundred years ago, every squire farmed, if not his entire estate, at all events a portion of it. Men of ancient pedigree, proud of their ancestral properties and mansions, of their arms, and their alliances, did not disdain to ride to market and cheapen cattle.

The Civil War ruined most of the squires who had taken up arms for the King, litigation ruined others; then came in the great merchants, who bought the old owners out, and established themselves in their room. They understood nothing of farming, and esteemed it despicable and unworthy of their new-fangled gentility to pursue it.

With the gall of envy bitter in his heart did Fox see the other Anthony walk alongside of Urith, and assume towards her an intimacy to which he himself had never attained. The girl had ever avoided him, had treated him with coldness tinged with ill-disguised disdain. She had not made that effort to veil her dislike which will gloss over a repulse. Fox saw another man, better favoured than himself, reach at a bound a position he had laboriously tried to mount, and had failed.

Hall, or as the country-folk called it "Yall," was the house of the Cleverdons. It had belonged to the Glanville estates—had been bought by old Judge Glanville, in the reign of Elizabeth, who had founded the family. The Glanvilles had flourished for a while, and had spread over the country-side, taking up estate after estate, and had collapsed as suddenly as they had risen. The Cleverdon had been farmers, renting Hall, and when that estate was sold old Cleverdon by some means got together sufficient money to purchase it, and since the purchase had laid out considerable sums to transform what had been a modest farmhouse into a pretentious squire's mansion.

Old Anthony was in that transitional state in which, passing from one rank of life to another, he was comfortable in neither. He was sensitive and ambitious—sensitive to slights, and ambitious to push himself and his son into a better social position than that which had been occupied by his ancestors, and, indeed, by himself in early life. The Crymes family had been connected with the Glanvilles by marriage, and now old Anthony schemed on the acquisition of another portion of the Glanville property, through the marriage of his son and heir with Julian Crymes. The old man's success had fostered his ambition. He indulged in a dream of the Cleverdon's, by skilful management, assuming eventually the position once maintained by the Glanvilles.

The Civil Wars had produced vast displacement in the social strata. The old gentry were falling, and those who had taken part with neither side, but had waited on their own interests in selfish or indifferent neutrality, were rewarded by emerging, where others were falling into ruin, into ripe prosperity. After that Anthony Cleverdon, the elder, had acquired the freehold of Hall, he had become a widower, and showed no disposition to take to himself another wife. His marriage had not been a happy experience, and none had felt the disagreement in it more than Elizabeth, his eldest daughter, who, after her mother's death, had been called to manage the household. If the opinion of Magdalen Cleverdon were to be

taken—the unmarried sister of Anthony, senior—who lived in a small house in Tavistock, the blame of the unhappiness of her brother's married life lay with his wife; but then the judgment of Magdalen was warped and partial. When Anthony brought home his young wife, she—Magdalen—had endeavoured to remain at the head of the house, to interfere where she could not direct. But Mrs. Cleverdon had taken a very decided line, and refused all intermeddlement, and Magdalen, after a sharp struggle for supremacy, had left the house routed. Disappointment had embittered her estimate of her sister-in-law.

But there were other and more substantial grounds for her charging her sister-in-law with having rendered the marriage an unhappy one. Mrs. Anthony had been a portionless girl, the daughter of a poor parson; Margaret Penwarne might have been regarded as a suitable match socially, but pecuniarily she was most unsuitable, especially to an ambitious and money-grasping man.

What her brother could find to admire in Margaret Penwarne, Miss Cleverdon protested she never could see—she entirely forgot that Margaret had been endowed with surpassing beauty.

Others beside Magdalen Cleverdon had marvelled at the choice of Anthony, knowing the character of the man. What could induce a man, whose main features were ambition and greed, to select as his partner one who had not a penny, nor was connected with any of the gentle families of the neighbourhood? Magdalen had not reckoned on the girl's beauty; the others who wondered had not counted on Anthony's ambition, which would exert itself in other directions than they considered. His ambition was deeply tinged with, if it did not originate in, personal vanity. Vanity is but ambition in a fool's cap, and that of Cleverdon was well hung with bells. Because he considered himself the richest man of his class in the neighbourhood, he esteemed himself also irresistible as a wooer. He had been treated with considerable severity by his father in his early years, for the old man had been a strait Puritan, though not such an one as to risk any money for his cause, or compromise his safety for it in any way. He allowed his son no freedom, consulted his wishes in no particular, and allowed him no pocket-money. When the old man died, Anthony was left with a good deal of hoarded money, and freedom to act as he listed. His fancy was taken by Margaret Penwarne, and his vanity and ambition stimulated by the knowledge that she was already the object of the attentions of Richard Malvine, the son of a neighbouring parson, without profession and without inheritance. Richard Malvine was a handsome man, and Margaret Penwarne certainly was attached to him, but the marriage could not be thought of till Richard had a competence on which to support himself and a wife. Anthony Cleverdon entered the lists against the handsomest young man in the district, but he had money and a good farm to set against good looks. He and Richard had been together at the Grammar School, and had been rivals there, Richard ever taking the lead, and on one occasion had thrashed Anthony severely. It was with eagerness that Cleverdon seized the opportunity of gratifying his malice by snatching from Malvine the girl of his heart, and it flattered his vanity to have it said of him that he had won the most beautiful girl of the district over the head of the handsomest man. Margaret struggled for some time between her affection and her ambition; the urgency of her father and mother prevailed, she cast off Malvine and accepted Cleverdon.

Anthony Cleverdon's pride was satisfied. He had gained a triumph, and was wrapped up in the sense of victory for a while, then the gloss of novelty wore off, and he began to regret his precipitancy in taking to him a wife who brought nothing into the family save good looks. The thriftiness of the father now came out in the son. He did not grudge and withhold money where he could make display, but he cut down expenses where no show was made, to the lowest stage of meanness. Margaret's father died. She thought to take her mother to live with her at Hall, but to this her husband would not consent, nor could she wring a silver coin from him wherewith to assist her mother, reduced to great poverty. This occasioned the first outbreak of domestic hostilities. Margaret was a woman of temper, and would not submit tamely to the domination of her husband. His sister Magdalen took sides against her, and fanned the embers of strife when they gave token of expiring. If Margaret had been of a meek and yielding temperament, the marriage might not have been so full of broils; her husband would have crushed her, and then ignored her. But her spirit rose against him, and stirred the discord that was only temporarily allayed. She could not shut her eyes to his infirmities, she would not condescend to flatter him. In her heart she contrasted him with the man she had loved and had betrayed; her heart never warmed to her husband, on the contrary, indifference changed into hatred. She made no scruple about showing him the state of her mind, she pitilessly unmasked his meannesses, and held them up to mockery; she scoffed at his efforts to thrust himself into a position for which he was not born; he found no more penetrating, remorseless critic of all he did, than his own wife.

Anthony Cleverdon believed, and was justified in believing, that his old rival, Richard Malvine, stood between him and domestic peace, as a shadow that blighted and engalled his relations to his wife; that, though he had triumphed formally over his rival, that rival had gained the lasting and substantial success. Anthony Cleverdon might prize himself as high as he pleased, but he could no longer blind himself to the fact that his money bags, which had won his wife for him, were unavailing to buy her affections, and secure to him the fruits of his triumph.

This consciousness stimulated his hatred of Malvine to fresh acridity, and in his meanness, he found a base satisfaction in humiliating his wife by every means in his power, and on every available opportunity.

The birth of Bessie did not serve to unite the pair, for Anthony Cleverdon had set his heart on having a son, and when, after the lapse of a considerable interval of time, the desired son arrived, it was too late to serve as a link of reconciliation. Mrs. Cleverdon died shortly after his birth, her only regret being that she had to leave her daughter, whom she loved with double passion, partly because her desolate heart naturally clung to some object, and had none other to which to attach itself, partly also because little Bessie was totally disregarded by her father.

Richard Malvine consoled himself for his disappointment by marrying Marianne Gibbs of Willsworthy; he took her for the sake of Willsworthy, as Margaret Penwarne had taken Anthony Cleverdon for the sake of Hall. He was a feckless man, who had lived at home in the parsonage with his father, had hunted, had shot, and had never earned a penny for himself. He died, thrown from his horse, in hunting, a few years after his marriage, leaving an only child, Urith.

The death of the mother produced no alteration in the conduct of Anthony Cleverdon towards her daughter. What love he had in his heart was bestowed on his son—the heir to his name and estate.

In nature all forces are co-related. Indeed it is said that force is a pure and unique factor, and that light, heat, sound, &c., are but various manifestations or aspects of the one primal force. It would be hard to say whether old Anthony's love for his boy might not be considered as another phase of his ambition. He had never himself been a firm-built handsome man; undersized and of mean appearance, he had felt the slight that this physical defect had entailed on him. But the young Tony was robust of constitution,

burly of frame, and had inherited his mother's beauty. At Hall, from the hour of his birth, young Anthony had become a sovereign, and every one was placed beneath his footstool. Every inmate of the house laboured to spoil him, either because he was himself provocative of love, or out of a desire to curry favour with the father. He tyrannised over his sister, he was despotic with his father, he was wayward and exacting with the servants. Nothing that he did was wrong in his father's eyes; he grew up into manhood demanding of the outer world, as a right, that which was accorded to him in his home as a favour.

CHAPTER V.

THE GLOVE TAKEN UP

EVERY member of the little party felt sensible of relief when they came out on the high road and left the moor behind. For some time all had been silent: the efforts to start and maintain conversation had signally failed, and a funeral party would have been livelier.

As soon as the hoofs of the horses rang on the roadway, the fetters that had bound the tongues were thrown aside, and a few words were interchanged.

After ten minutes or a quarter of an hour a little tavern by the wayside was reached, named the Hare and Hounds; and then Anthony Cleverdon laid his hand on the bit of the horse Urith rode.

"My cob must bait here," he said—"at least, have a mouthful; so must you. I will go in and see what can be provided, and bid the landlady lay the table."

"I thank you," said Urith; "but I desire to go home at once. The distance is in no way considerable. I know where I am. But surely I hear my uncle's voice."

That individual appeared at the open door. He was a stout man, with a very red face and a watery eye. His wig was awry. He stood with a pipe in one hand and a tankard in the other.

"Aha!" shouted Solomon Gibbs. "I said the truth! I knew that it was in vain for me to go in quest of you on the moors, niece. Told your mother so; but she wouldn't believe me. Come on—come, and let's be jolly—drive away dull melancholy! I knew that you must come on to the road somewhere; and, if on to the road, then to the inn. For what is the inn, my boys, but the very focus and acme to which all gather, and from which all radiate? Come in—come in."

"I wish to push on," said Urith.

"How can you without my cob?" asked Anthony roughly. "I have said—she baits here. You, also—you must be perishing for food. We all are; have been mum all the way home—no fun, no talking. So, come in."

"That is right—urge her, young man, to follow the advice of age and experience," shouted Mr. Gibbs.

Then he began to sing:

Come my lads, let us be jolly,
Drive away dull melancholy,
For to grieve it is a folly
When we're met together.

So, my friends, let us agree,
Always keep good company,
Why should we not merry, merry be
When we're met together?

He brandished his tobacco-pipe over his head, in so doing striking his wig with the stem, and at once breaking the latter, and thrusting the wig over his ear, and then dived into the alehouse again. He was half-tipsy.

"You are right," said Elizabeth to Urith. "You must go on. Your mother is anxious, probably in a state of serious alarm."

"My uncle's horse is in the stable, I doubt not," answered Urith, "and as he will not be disposed to leave till he be unfit to accompany me, I will borrow the horse, and send it back by a servant."

"I will accompany you," said Elizabeth, "and the serving man that brings back the horse can accompany me. The distance is inconsiderable, yet you must not at night travel it alone. Fox and Julian have, I see, turned their horses' heads homewards without bidding us a farewell. I cannot stay outside whilst Anthony is within, and I do not care to enter when men are drinking."

"Your brother will hardly leave you alone outside."

"My brother will probably forget all about me when he gets with Mr. Gibbs and others who can sing a good song and tell a merry tale."

She said this without any reproach in her tone. She was so accustomed to be neglected, forgotten, to find herself thrust aside by her brother, that she no longer felt unhappy about it, she accepted it as her due.

Urith sent a stable-boy for Mr. Gibbs' horse, and, having mounted it, gratefully accepted Bessie Cleverdon's company for the ride of three miles to Willsworthy.

Urith knew Bessie very little. Old Mr. Cleverdon did not care that his children should associate with the Malvines. His bitterness against the father, Richard, overflowed all his belongings—wife and child and estate; but he published no reasons for his dislike to association with the owners of Willsworthy, who, moreover, on account of their poverty, kept to themselves. The Cleverdons mixed with those who were in prosperous circumstances, and kept themselves, or were kept, aloof from those on whom Fortune turned her back. Mrs. Malvine had for some time been a woman in failing health, and, having no neighbours, Urith had grown up accustomed to be solitary, and not to know the value of the friendship, or at least the companionship, of girls of her own age and rank. She was too proud to associate, like her Uncle Solomon, with those of a lower grade, and she had not the opportunity of forming acquaintanceship of those fitted to be her comrades.

As Urith rode beside Bessie, her heart stirred with a sensation of pleasure strange to her. There was a kindness, a sympathy in the manner of Elizabeth Cleverdon that found a way at once to Urith's heart, and she warmed to her and shook off reserve. And Elizabeth on her side was touched by the simplicity, the loneliness of the girl's mind, and when they reached the entrance gates to Willsworthy she held out her hand to Urith, and said—

"This must be the beginning of our friendship. I do not know how it is that we have not met before, or rather, have not met to make acquaintance. Promise me that you will not let this be the beginning and the ending of a friendship."

"That lies with you," said Urith, with timidity. It was to her too surprising a glimpse into happiness for her to trust its reality. "If it lies with me," said Elizabeth, "then you may be assured it will be warm and fast; expect to see me again soon. I will come over and visit you. But here—let us not part thus. Give me a kiss and take mine."

The girls drew their horses alongside of each other and kissed. The tears came into Urith's eyes at this offered and given pledge of kindness. It was to her a wholly new experience, and was to her of inexpressible value.

Then Urith called a serving man, alighted, and delivered her horse up to him that he might attend Bessie Cleverdon on her way back to the Hare and Hounds, and leave it there for her uncle when it pleased Mr. Solomon Gibbs to return home.

Bessie found that her brother was angry and offended when he came out of the alehouse and discovered that Urith had departed

without a word; he had felt himself obliged to wait for his sister, because it would not be seemly to allow her to ride home in the dark alone; but he vented his ill-humour on her when she appeared. Bessie bore his reproaches with patience. She was accustomed to be found fault with by her father, and less frequently, nevertheless sometimes, and always unreasonably, by her brother.

"I've promised the ostler a shilling to attend you to Hall," said Anthony. "There is Fox returned, and there is Solomon Gibbs here, and—I don't feel inclined to go home."

"Father will be ill-pleased at your remaining away so long," remonstrated Bessie.

"Father has seen so little of me to-day that another hour's absence won't signify. The weather is going to change—we shall have a thunderstorm. Get home as fast as you can. Here, Samuel, attend my sister."

Then Anthony returned to the ale house.

At Willsworthy, Urith had stood for a moment in the porch in hesitation. She knew that she deserved to be reproached for her conduct, and she expected it. Her mother was not a person to spare words. She was repentant, and yet was certain that directly her mother addressed her with rebuke her spirit would rise up in revolt.

To her surprise, when she did enter her mother's room, Mrs. Malvine said no more than this, "Oh, Urith! what a many hours you have been absent. But, my child, what is that? You have gloves hanging to your dress."

Urith stooped and looked. It was as her mother had said—the gloves of Julian Crymes had not fallen to the ground, they had been caught by the tags in the gown of Urith, and hung there. She disengaged them, and held them in her hand. She had unwittingly taken up the gauge.

(To be continued)

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is no need for Miss Annie Matheson to offer excuse for the publication of "The Religion of Humanity, and Other Poems" (Percival). The volume contains its own abundant justification over and over again. Sweetness of note, dignity in tone, the gentlest pathos, and the most tasteful exercise of literary restraint are here happily combined. The "very simple lyrics" which preface what this lady regards as her main poem are, most of them, charming productions. In the matter of quotation, it is not easy to select for the very wealth of taking verse. The contrast between mere kindness and deeper emotion is exquisitely rendered in "Love." In "Memory's Song" and "A Song for Woman," the antithesis of human griefs and woes and the constant joyousness of external nature is touchingly brought out. In the latter of these poems the subject is much the same as that in Hood's "Song of the Shirt":—

Swift, ceaseless toil scarce wins her bread:
From early dawn till twilight falls,
Shut in by four dull ugly walls,
The hours crawl round with murderous tread.
And all the while in some still place,
Where intertwining boughs embrace,
The blackbirds build, time flies apace.

We have a large and noble charity finding forceful expression in "The Last Shall Be First" and "Life and Death." There is one composition, "My Little Rosebud" (written to a friend after the loss of her little girl), which reminds us of Gerald Massey at his best. It will appeal very widely to the popular domestic and religious sentiment. We may quote the four last verses:—

I held my rosebud warmer and closer—
It was so dear and so fair to see.
"Angel, you cannot take my flower;
God gave it me."

Was it an angel who stood beside me?
The angels followed at His command.
It was God Himself who took my rosebud
Out of my hand.

Surely, oh surely, I heard Him whisper,
In a new language I did not know,
"It was dearer to Him because I had loved it,
He loved me so."

God laid my little rose in His bosom,
It was so dear and so fair to see;
He stooped to tell me that He would keep it
Quite safe for me.

As for the more philosophical poems, "The Religion of Humanity" does honour alike to the head and heart of the author; and, indeed, the whole volume may be cordially commended to the attention of all those who would gladly welcome a new singer of merit.

Mr. Walter Hughes gives us, in "Lyra Mancunensis" (Kegan Paul), a collection of sonnets, madrigals, and brief lyrical pieces more or less deserving of moderate encomium. He drags the stars into his love affairs quite prettily, and as Cupid ordinarily goes no further afield than our neighbour the moon for sympathy, there is a sense of novelty when we find him making his bow to an interested and observant constellation:—

Orion is striding yonder through the sky
Looking to earth, and wondering much to see
A mortal who can love so well as I,
But ceasing wonder when he looks on thee.

It is interesting here to compare the movement of "striding" with that suggested in the Tennysonian "sloping slowly." Love as a theme induces the poet to talk as cynical folk charge lovers with talking. He says, *à propos* of a walk with "Phyllis":—

The granite peaks may frown, they know not why.

But, indeed, he ascribes great callousness to mountain tops. Nothing, not even feathered songsters, move them; for we read again:—

The rugged peaks frowned gloomily on high
As one by one the little birds awoke.

As we turn over these pages, the thought comes to us that, after all, the "rugged peaks" may have something to say for themselves. There is singing and singing. Still, "Lyra Mancunensis" would make a neat gift-book, which ought to be appreciated by—Phyllis.

The late M. Gustave Doré's famous picture has suggested to the Rev. John Hudson the subject of his poem, "The Dream of Pilate's Wife" (Kegan Paul). The theme is treated gracefully and correctly. Mr. Hudson's *aperçu* of the Roman governor and his consort may be gathered from these lines:—

His was a narrow nature, cramped to earth,
And hers a soul to God's own saints akin;
Deep in his brain all sordid schemes had birth,
She fondly fostered heavenly hopes within,
Of something worth a wearying quest to win.
And thus the gulf between them wider grew.
He, the stern censor of men's crime and sin,
From self-condemning thoughts no respite knew,
And ghosts of secret guilt his tortured soul pursue.

LOCUSTS are said to have appeared in Germany, a swarm being seen at Oranienburg—twenty miles from Berlin.

NEW POSTAGE-STAMPS will be issued shortly in Austria, bearing the effigy of the Emperor instead of the Imperial double-headed eagle, as at present.

Historical Aspects of Hampton Court.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. GREEN, R.I.—WRITTEN BY J. GREGO



HENRY VIII.'s "Cloyster Greene Courte" was fated to give place to the heavier and more pretentious buildings with which William III. replaced the picturesque Tudor pile. Wren's additions, four ranges of buildings, composing a quadrangle, form almost an exact square. It is evident that the King, who supervised the whole (continually interfering with Wren's plans), and his architect, Sir Christopher, were both inspired with an ambition to outvie the cumbrous splendours of Versailles. Fortunately, these ideas were never completed, though the designs for extensive additions are still in existence at the Board of Works; these include two or more enormous courts, an imposing new entrance with colonnades, giving on to Bushey Park and the chestnut avenues. Much of the older and more interesting parts of the Palace would have been sacrificed had these plans been

carried out; happily for posterity, the "little gentleman in black velvet" unconsciously reprieved from further devastations the most attractive and memorable portion of the pile. The heavy stateliness achieved under his directions was gratifying to the King's taste. According to Wren's account ("Parentalia"). His Majesty said that "the new apartments, for good proportions, state, and convenience, jointly, were not paralleled by any palace in Europe."

In connection with Mr. Charles Green's picture of "William's Guard Chamber," it may be mentioned that "The Apelles Britannicus," under the description of "The Royal Palace of Hampton Court," dedicated to the Prince of Wales,* contains an early account of William III.'s Guard Chamber, its walls, decorated with arms for five thousand men, curiously placed in various forms, viz., three trophies of drums, hanging in uniform manner under the windows, five in each trophy. There are pilasters of pikes and bayonets on each side, the windows, five in each trophy. There are sixteen panels that go round the room, with a variety of ornaments and figures, as muskets in chequer-work, stars made of bayonets, swords, &c., also circles, ovals, hexagons, and in octagons; in the centres of some is Medusa's head; of others, Jupiter's thunder, and other devices carved on a shield, and on the sides they are garnished with bandeliers.

"The arms were disposed in this manner by Mr. Harris, who was the person that contrived to place the arms in the same beautiful order in the Small Armoury in the Tower of London. This man was a common gunsmith, but, after he had performed this work, was allowed a pension from the Crown for his ingenuity."

"On the right hand of the door are the halberts for the Yeomen of the Guard, eighteen in number, and a little farther, six large carbines regularly placed on a table."

Queen Mary felt a great interest both in the palace and gardens; while Wren was reconstructing the Fountain Court and building the quadrangle, Mary wrote to her absent husband:—"As for the buildings, I fear there will be many obstacles, for I spoke to Sir J. Lowther this very day, and hear of so much use for money, and find so little, that I cannot tell whether that of Hampton Court will not be the worse for it, especially since the French are in the Channel, and at present between Portland and us, from whence the stone must come." We are told that Mary resided while the State apartments were being built in a suite of rooms called the "Water Gallery," the chambers occupied by Queen Elizabeth when a prisoner at Hampton Court. The principal structure, the banquetting-room, altered in accordance with William's taste, is still standing; this communicated by a subterranean way with the suite of apartments reserved for Queens. A reproduction of a contemporary drawing (in the King's Library) shows that the banquetting-room was turreted, and on its flagstaff the standard was raised when Royalty had its abode at the Palace.

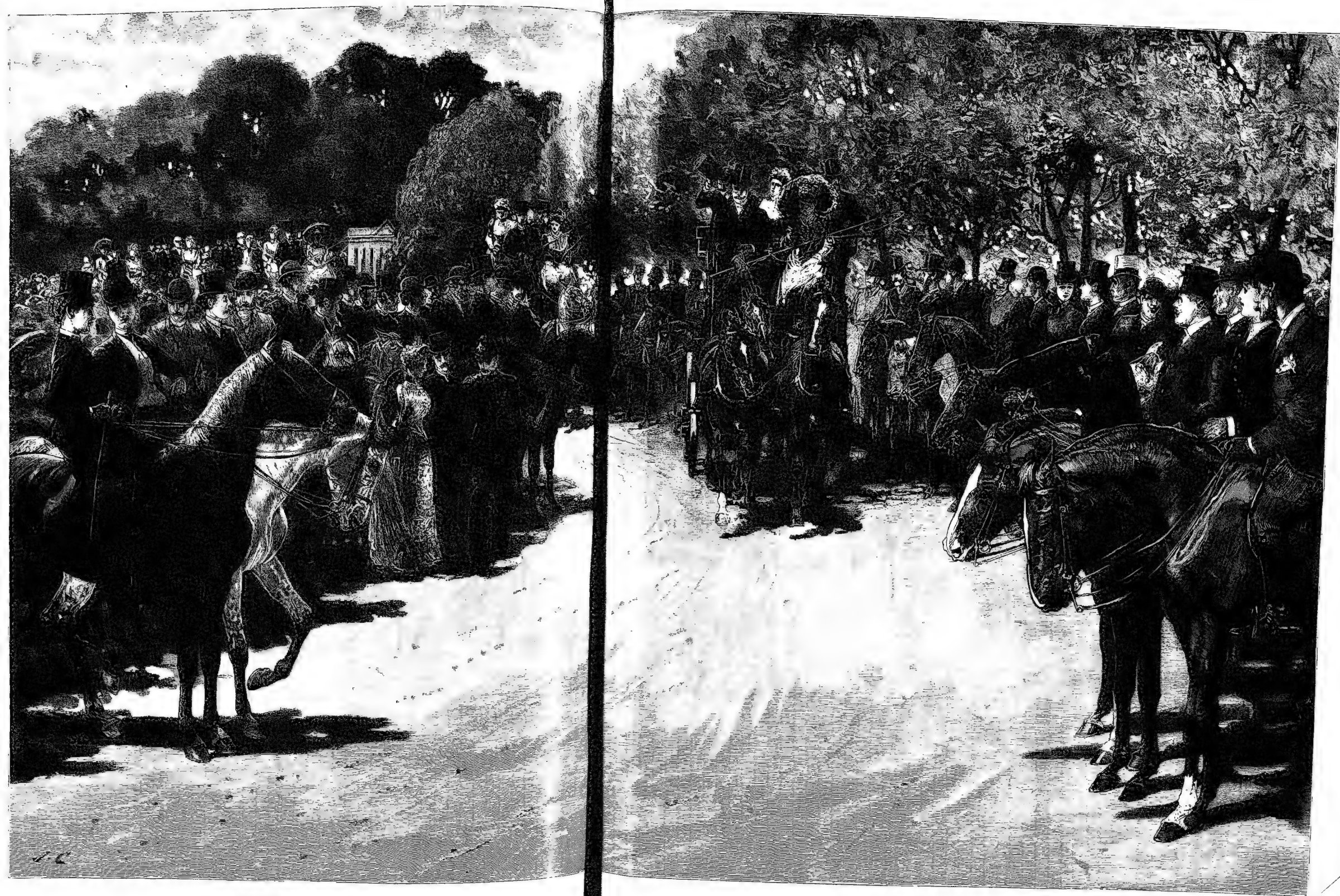
While the new buildings were in progress another Royal lady went to Hampton Court "to take her chamber;" this was Anne, subsequently the mistress of the Palace in her own right, but in the interval living dependent on the bounty of her sister and brother-in-law.

* Son of George II. His portrait by Sir James Thornhill, with that of his parents and grandfather, together with the allegorical piece of Aurora in her chariot rising out of the ocean, is painted on the ceiling of the Queen's State Bedchamber.



THE GUARD ROOM IN THE TIME OF WILLIAM III.

No reader will look for liveliness in the pages of a novel written by two American authors with the Prophet Daniel for its hero; and, if one does, he will not find it in those of "The Master of the Magicians," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward (1 vol.: W. Heinemann). The authors are quite right in realising that, as they say, "there are few things about which it is easier to disagree than a historical tale dealing with a period so remote that fable and fact contend for the field;" so difficult is agreement that it may safely be said no such attempt has ever been altogether successful. Against the Assyriology of the work we have nothing to say; great pains have evidently been taken with it, even to the point of "re-adjusting the uncertain calendar of the times to the necessities of art," and of rejecting the severities of Biblical chronology, all of which requires learning. But "The Master of the Magicians," be it remembered, is not an archaeological treatise, but a novel," and this recollection injures the effect whenever it recurs. The so-called novel is an archaeological treatise spoiled.



A MEETING OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN PARK—THE COACHES LEAVING THE MAGAZINE FOR HURLINGHAM.
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



A VERY solid and valuable addition to English travel-literature is "Travels in Africa During the Years 1875-1878" (Chapman and Hall), by Dr. Wilhelm Junker. The work has been capably translated from the German by Mr. A. H. Keane, F.R.G.S. Dr. Junker's researches, as the explorer tells us, may be regarded as a continuation of those of his fellow-countryman, Dr. Schweinfurth, which closed in 1870 with the discovery of the Wellé. In fact, a main object of his later expeditions was the determination of the course of this great river, which Schweinfurth supposed must flow through the Shari to Lake Tsad, but which is now clearly shown to belong to the Congo catchment-basin. At one point Junker penetrated westwards to 22 deg. 55 min. E., that is, to within sixty or seventy miles of the farthest point reached by Van Gélé in his ascent of the Ubangi, in January, 1888. Thus was practically settled the most important hydrographic problem still awaiting solution in Central Africa. Southwards also Dr. Junker nearly overlapped Stanley's route, for he struck the Nepoko some forty miles due north of Ugarowwa on the Aruwimi. Although not the Aruwimi itself, as he supposed, the Nepoko is evidently a northern tributary of that river, and thus were determined the respective limits of the Congo secondary basins towards the Congo-Nile water-parting. As Mr. Keane observes rightly:—"These achievements, accomplished without any show of force, and without a single violent death, place Dr. Junker's name high up on the glorious muster-roll of African explorers." Dr. Junker, amongst the rest, describes an interview he had on the Upper Nile with Gordon. "The famous Pasha," he writes, "in the course of a long and confidential interview, revealed himself to me as an upright, unselfish, and sympathetic person, who certainly exacted much from his underlings, but who himself set them an example of indefatigable energy." Gordon gave Dr. Junker some bottles of the Warburg "fever tincture," a supply of which had just reached him. "His undisguised delight in handing me this valuable present," says the German traveller, "recalled what Gessi had told me about the pleasure he found in giving away, and the extreme reluctance with which he received anything in return." A certain sad interest attaches to the Doctor's descriptions of Tokar, Khartûm, Kassala, and other places so long submerged beneath the wave of Mahdism. Apart from its value as an account of exploration, this volume is entertaining for the manner and style of its acute observation of strange men and things. All those are brought home to us by a host of excellent illustrations, while we are enabled by means of a large route map to gauge exactly the extent of Dr. Junker's journeyings.

Mr. Donald G. Mitchell gives us another volume of his admirable work, "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" (Sampson Low). Having previously ranged over our history from Celt to Thord, he now in just the same bright, fresh, gossiping manner covers the distance from Elizabeth to Anne. Mr. Mitchell is ostensibly relating the story of our past for young Americans, to whom English scenes are strange. But he has undertaken his task in no perfunctory spirit, and there are few better surveys of the seventeenth century, especially on its literary side, than that taken here. There are fine passages in the volume too. Take this for example, about the author of "Paradise Lost." "We talk," says the writer, "of the organ-music of Milton. The term has its special significance; it gives hint of that large quality which opens heavenly spaces with its billows of sound, which translates us; which gives us a look-out from supreme heights, and so lifts one to the level of his 'Argument.' There is large learning in his great poem—weighty and recondite; but this spoils no music, great cumbrous names catch sonorous vibrations under his modulating touch, and colossal shields and spears clash together like cymbals. The whole burden of his knowledge—Pagan, Christian, or Hebraic—lift up and sink away upon the undulations of his sublime verse, as heavy-laden ships rise and fall upon some great ground-swell making in from outer seas." All lovers of the age which reaches from Shakespeare to Dryden will appreciate Mr. Mitchell's redressing of the story.

A capital book is "Nation-Making" (Longmans), a story of "New Zealand," by Mr. J. C. Firth, author of "Our Kin Across the Sea." In a brief but vivid sketch the author shows us the Maori as he was before and after the advent of Captain Cook. The attempt of the Maori Chief, who was known to the English as William Thompson, to organise his countrymen into a nation which should drive the English into the sea is pathetically described. Of William Thompson Mr. Firth says:—"During the last two years of his life, I had many opportunities of learning his hopes, his fears, his despair. He felt that his life and labours had been in vain. Full of a pathetic melancholy, unselfish as he had ever been, one of Nature's noblemen, a true and simple-minded Christian, he slowly approached the end of a career unstained by a crime, hardly dimmed by a fault—unless the loving his people, 'not wisely but too well.'" The author brings out in a succession of stories drawn from his own personal experience and that of others the salient characteristics of the Maori people, for which, in the most fascinating fashion, he contrives to obtain our admiration, and to bring us into touch with his own enthusiasm. He is the equally warm eulogist of New Zealand as it now is. By means of statistical tables he shows that, with one trifling exception, New Zealand has a greater birth-rate; a greater number of children per marriage; a greater percentage of births over deaths; a greater percentage of increase of population; a smaller percentage of illegitimacy; a smaller percentage of concubinage; a smaller death-rate of infants under one year; a lower general death-rate; a lower death-rate in zymotic, parasitic, dietic, hydatids, atrophy, debility, and pulmonary consumptive diseases; a smaller percentage of deaf and dumb persons; a smaller percentage of blind persons; a smaller percentage of lunacy and idiocy—so far as returns are given—than any country in the world. With reason the author points to the splendid physique of the Maories, the aboriginal inhabitants of New Zealand, as a striking confirmation of the remarkable salubrity of the climate of the colony. Mr. Firth has been thirty six years in New Zealand, has united close observation with long experience, and has enjoyed the literary gifts necessary to give effect to both these possessions.

Mr. Walter Scott has added to "The Camelot Series," edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, "Northern Studies," by Mr. Edmund Gosse. The book forms an admirable introduction to modern Scandinavian literature. These pages seem to us to fulfil the claim put forward for them by the editor, that they help us refer such a figure as Ibsen to his antecedents—to "the race, the milieu, and the moment." They do this, however, not only for Ibsen, but for other and different figures—so different as Björnson and Bültcher, Runeberg and Hans Andersen, and offer again suggestions of curious interest for the English dramatic critic in their account of the happily conditioned National Theatre of Denmark. It may be mentioned that the essays contained in this volume have been several times reprinted. They were first issued in book-form in 1879, as the Scandinavian section of a volume of "Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe," one chapter being now added for the first time. There are two essays on "Henrik Ibsen," one on "Norwegian Poetry Since 1814," one on "The Lofoden Islands," one on

"Runeberg," while two others deal with "The Danish National Theatre" and "Four Danish Poets."

A work meant for family reading is "Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth" (Kegan Paul), by "A Layman." It is written in short realistic pictures, with the endeavour to avoid theology and sectarianism, so that mothers of all creeds may read it to their children, and that children in later life may read it for themselves. "Two points," the writer tells us, "are dwelt on, which are common to all the Churches—the beauty of the Life of Jesus, and the personal contact of the Spirit—beyond that, lie the dividing walls of creeds and dogmas." "A Layman's" work is certainly written in a style calculated to interest, and to hold the attention of those for whom it is intended. Possibly, however, some sensitive dogmatists may smell danger in the following:—"Amid the present-day questioning of beliefs, writings, and authorities, and the ever-broadening of common charity, it is well that our children should begin with Christianity as Jesus left it, that they may be enabled to judge for themselves how much of the sectarian structures of the succeeding ages they need regard as essential to religion, and how much as only optional."

"Essays, Speculative and Suggestive," is the title given by Mr. John Addington Symonds to two volumes published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Written in the isolation of the Alpine retreat, Davos, they express, the author tells us, the opinions and surmises of one who long has watched in solitude "as from a ruined tower" the world of thought, and circumstance, and action. "Possibly," he writes, "my prolonged seclusion from populous cities and the society of intellectual equals—a seclusion which has lasted now, with short and occasional interruptions, through twelve years—the renunciation of ambitious aims and active interests implied in such a life, and the peculiar influences to which those are subjected who spend a seven months' winter, year after year, among white snowdrifts and inhospitable storm-swept mountains, have bred in me a mystical habit of regarding man's relation to the Universe." Everywhere Mr. Symonds shows originality in philosophic appreciation, and in his opening essay on "The Philosophy of Evolution" there is a world of suggestion. Seven of these twenty essays appeared in whole or part in the *Fortnightly Review*, one in *Time*, and one in the *Century Guild Hobby-Horse*. One has been extracted from a paper previously published in Mr. Symonds's "Italian Byways." The remaining ten come before the public for the first time now. They are all of them the expressions of profound reflection on matters of the first interest to men of thought and culture.

Mr. W. E. Henley has gathered together some of his scattered writings and issued them in one volume, under the title "Views and Reviews: Essays in Appreciation" (David Nutt). Some of them appeared in *London*, others in the *Scots Observer*, *Vanity Fair*, the *Athenæum*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Magazine of Art*. They are a series of bright, witty, rapid characterisations of literary men of the present and of the past of our own and other countries. Take this of Mr. Frederick Locker, for example:—"For as English as she is, indeed, his muse is not to be touched off save in French. To think of her is to reflect that she is delicate, spirituelle, semillante—une fine mouche, allez! The salon has disappeared—Iran, indeed, is gone, and all his rose"; but she was born with the trick of it. You make your bow to her in her Sheraton chair, a buckle shoe engagingly discovered; and she rallies you with an incomparable ease, a delicate malice, in a dialect itself a distinction, and when she smiles it is behind or above a fan that points while it dissembles, that assists effect as delightfully as it veils intention. At times she is sensitive and tender, but her graver mood has no more of violence or mawkishness than has her gallant roguery (or enchanting archness) of viciousness or spite."

Sportsmen and dog-lovers alike will find plenty of interesting and instructive matter in "The Scientific Education of Dogs for the Gun" (Sampson Low), by "H. H." The work is the result of the amateur practical experience of thirty-seven years of life. By the study of Colonel Hutchinson's well-known book, the author broke his first pointer at the age of sixteen. He tells many extraordinary anecdotes of the intelligence and reasoning power of the dog, and expresses his conviction that "no man has yet discovered, or probably ever will discover, the extent to which the instinct of animals, more especially that of the dog, can be cultivated, and thus improved into a reasoning power little inferior to that of an educated man."

In "Nature and Woodcraft" (Walter Smith and Innes), Mr. John Watson, F.L.S., gives us, in short, readable essays, a great deal of naturalist lore. The book is printed in good type, and is attractively illustrated.

The Religious Tract Society publish, in a handsome volume, "London Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil," by the Rev. Richard Lovett, M.A., the well-known author of "Norwegian Pictures" and "Irish Pictures." Three of the pictures here are by Mr. Logsdail, and have appeared in our columns. There are 130 illustrations altogether, and they make up, with the letterpress, an interesting book, admirably adapted for being taken away from the metropolis as a memento by country cousins, or by American and colonial kinsfolk.

The late Mr. Herbert Fry's "London" (W. H. Allen) has been revised, enlarged, and brought up to date in its ninth year of publication, by Mr. S. W. Kershaw, F.S.A., and Mr. A. M. Heathcote. With its birdseye views of the principal streets, its lucid general arrangement and clearness in topographical description, it is one of the best and most convenient London guide-books in existence.

We have also received the Rev. Dr. Gerald Molloy's "The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau" (Burns and Oates), Mr. George G. Chisholm's "A Smaller Commercial Geography" (Longmans), Mr. Henry Lloyd's "The Smoking Concert Reciter" (Hutchinson), the Rev. J. D. Hird's "The Temperance Reader" (Cassell), Mrs. Alec Tweedie's "The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, 1890" (Kegan Paul), and Miss Mary Boyle's "Æsop Redivivus" (Field and Tuer).

HOLIDAY LITERATURE

MOST people are on holiday thoughts intent just now. Guide-books and records of travel become an engrossing study, whether the intending traveller is content with a modest trip close at home, or plans an expensive Continental tour. This year, Ober-Ammergau is the goal of hosts of English people, so those who, from reverential feelings, hesitate to visit the Passion Play, will find their doubts answered by Archdeacon Farrar from his own experience of "The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, 1890" (Heinemann). He pays the highest tribute to the genuine piety and simplicity of the peasant-actors and the thoroughly devotional character of the whole representation, denying all charges of profanity and sordid motives. But, like many of the Ober-Ammergauers themselves, he feels that it is almost time for the Passion Play to cease, before modern tourist arrangements convert a religious commemoration into a mere spectacle. Not so Mr. W. T. Stead in the second Summer Number of the *Review of Reviews*. He urges that the very human aspect of the performance brings home the truth of the Passion to modern minds. This paper anticipates Mr. Stead's volume on "The Passion Play as it is Played to-day" (*Review of Reviews Office*), giving a full description of the Play with the German and English text, and ornamented with many fine photographs of the chief characters and scenes.—Considering the abundance of accounts of the present Play, "Periscope" is somewhat late in the day to describe the performance of ten years ago in "A Continental Scamper" (Bemrose). Moreover, the author's jokes on the features of a

Swiss-German tour are as well-worn as the tourist track he followed.—Travelling in the Alps is treated in more practical form by the new edition of the "J. E. M. Guide to Switzerland" (Simpkin, Marshall), which improves with every fresh issue. Mr. Muddock knows just what information English tourists want, and puts it so clearly and briefly that the veriest tyro in travelling could not fail to understand his directions. His "Pocket-Guide to Geneva and Chamoni" (Simpkin, Marshall) is equally good in a small compass. Certainly the Swiss adopt every means of attracting visitors, for an official General Inquiry Office for the benefit of foreigners has now been opened at Zurich, whence comes a capital little pamphlet, "A Trip Through Switzerland," pointing out the chief national beauties.—Further, the Zurich publishers, Messrs. Orell, Füssli, in the latest addition to their excellent "Illustrated Europe" Series, "The Hungarian Eastern Carpathians," by Carl Siegmeth, introduce quite a fresh district, where wild and splendid scenery, ample sport, and the study of varied races of mankind, will well repay those who leave the paths of ordinary travel.—Similar condensed practical advice is offered in the fresh edition of the Great Eastern Railway Company's "Tourist Guide to the Continent" (125, Fleet Street), with its plentiful cuts and chatty descriptions by Mr. Percy Lindley, who also edits an enlarged copy of "Walks in the Ardennes" (same publisher). Mr. J. F. Weedon's drawings are a great attraction here, together with notes on cycling and general sport, while the sketches of tours in Luxemburg open up fresh ground. Unfortunately many English go abroad less for amusement than for health, and thus are grateful for the ample particulars given by Bradshaw's "Bathing Places and Climatic Resorts" (Trübner), carefully brought up to date. Hence sufferers can choose the watering-place most suited to their case, besides doctor, hotel, and route, while, if they want fuller details, they may turn to "The Health Springs of Germany and Austria" (Allen), by F. O. Buckland, whose advice as to diet, and mode of living during the "cure," will be much appreciated.—Another excellent guide for the same class is the Holiday Number of the *London Medical Recorder*, "Health Resorts, Home and Foreign" (Allen), each place being described by a competent medical authority.

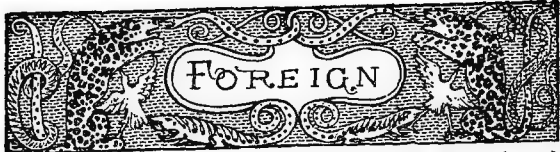
To turn to our own country, the South and West of England seem somewhat neglected, save for one tempting but unwieldy volume, "Picturesque Devonshire" (Hood), which celebrates the beauties of that lovely county in prose and picture. Wales is more favoured, and while Mr. Godfrey Turner points out those attractions of "Picturesque Wales" (Adams), made accessible by the Cambrian railways, Mr. A. Walker shows in "A Week in North Wales for 4s. 10s." (Houlston), what may be done in the Snowdon district by pedestrians. His advice was proved by four energetic schoolmistresses, who made a walking tour "Through North Wales with a Knapsack" (Kegan Paul), and derived much enjoyment at small cost, according to the simple record of their trip. Again the Principality forms the subject of many of "John Heywood's Illustrated Guides" (Heywood, Manchester), wonderful pennyworths of terse practical information which, further, include Manchester and its neighbourhood, the Isle of Man, the Dukeries, the Lake District, and Yorkshire.—From the latter county comes "Horne's Guide to Whitby"—well compiled and profusely illustrated—together with a penny "Plan" of this favourite resort, and a "Tourist Map" of the environs (*Gazette Office*); while those who think of Bradford solely as a busy manufacturing centre will be astonished to learn from Johnnie Gray of the 180 "Pleasant Walks around Bradford" (Brear). To gain a complete knowledge of the district the author has walked some 1,500 miles, and the townspeople owe him a debt of gratitude for showing them what recreation may be found within a half-holiday ramble.—Journeying further north, we may follow Mr. P. T. Cowley's footsteps in "The Western Highlands of Scotland" (Allen), with its somewhat feeble jocularity; or glean more useful hints about railways, steamers, and hotels, either from that concise little publication, "Leslie's Tourist Guide to the Scottish Highlands" (Leslie, Perth); or from the new issue of the "Scottish Hotel, Hydropathic, and Steamship Directory" (Elliot, Glasgow), full of good pictorial and prose outlines of tours.

Not all holiday-makers can afford to go so far afield. Still, the photographs of the new "Victorian Series" (Electrotype Company) set forth plentiful attractions near at hand in "Westminster Abbey," "Windsor Castle," and "Hampton Court," brief descriptive notes accompanying the pictures.—And Mr. Percy Lindley suggests many attractive cheap trips within an hour of London in "New Holidays in Essex" (125 Fleet Street)—secluded rural spots, with picturesque houses and churches galore, besides plenty of fishing and boating.—For lovers of the water the Norfolk Broads need no further recommendation; but the tourist to that now popular resort will find that Mr. E. R. Suffling's "History and Legends of the Broad District" (Jarrold) will double his enjoyment. Mr. Suffling furnishes much interesting gossip about the scenery, customs, and folk-lore of the region, and manages to say something new upon a hackneyed subject. More chats about the east coast are to be found in "Yarmouth, Past and Present" (Jarrold), now appearing in a second edition. And the tastes of boating men are mostly consulted by Professor Church's delightful recollections of boating and fishing between Henley and Oxford, originally called "Isis and Thamesis," but now brought out in a cheap and popular form, as "Summer Days on the Thames" (Seeley). These latter volumes carry the reader away from the terse guide-book proper, preparing him for such charming literary sketches as the Rev. F. Malletson's "Holiday Studies of Wordsworth" (Cassell),—prose pictures of the Wharfe and Duddon, of Bolton Abbey and various Swiss scenes, drawn by the pen of a true lover of Nature. At the end of our catalogue of holiday literature are a brace of volumes for travellers to the New World. While "A Handy Guide to the River Plate" (Hutchinson), by G. C. Levey, tells all about the Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Paraguay, "My Illustrated Diary from London to Australia" ("My Diary" Publishing Company), by Hume Nisbet, introduces rather a novel idea. The Diary is arranged with engravings of the chief points of the route to illustrate the blank pages left for literary notes by the way, whilst a sketching block awaits the amateur pencil. Lastly juvenile artists may be kept quiet on a wet day at the seaside by colouring the pictures of "The Holiday Painting Book" (Warne), after the graceful copies by Constance Haslewood.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE JAMAICA EXHIBITION next year proceed apace, and the announcement that Prince George of Wales will perform the opening ceremony on January 27th has greatly delighted the islanders. The Exhibition and its grounds will cover a site of forty-five acres, about a mile from Kingston Harbour, and the tropical gardens with their ferns, palms, and orchids promise to be especially beautiful. The chief building will be in the Moorish style, 511 feet long and 174 feet wide at its greatest depth, while the dome reaches to a height of 114 feet. Many of the sister colonies will be represented, and the usual features of concert hall, lecture room, fountains, aquarium &c., are to be included in the Exhibition proper. Most interesting, however, will be the Model Industrial Village, with the natives engaged in domestic and manufacturing occupations, the picture gallery of Jamaica scenery, a large model of the island and a collection of ancient Indian remains. Meanwhile Kingston is putting her house in order for visitors. The streets are being reconstructed, the drainage entirely re-modelled, roads to the interior improved and two fine hotels built.



YACHTING ON THE NORFOLK BROADS
DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS



FRANCE is anxious to see her difficulties with England settled before the holidays, as, at present, foreign relations form the only cloud on her political horizon. Though the outcry about Zanzibar and Newfoundland has subsided, the French public are as bent as ever on obtaining compensation for their claims, especially in Africa. The advocates of the Sahara Railway plan keep the subject well ventilated, and have laid their projects before Parliament, so that the prospect of extending French dominion to Lake Tchad becomes very popular. Less favour is accorded to the Newfoundland Premier's proposal to repeal the Bait Acts if France will abandon her bounties upon the export of fish by her countrymen. The French are very angry, too, that the commander of H.M.S. *Emerald*, Sir Baldwin Walker, has acknowledged the justice of the Newfoundlanders' claims by withdrawing the marines from Mr. Baird's lobster factory on St. George's Bay and agreeing to pay the damages. The French cruisers on the Newfoundland coast maintain the fishermen's rights to the utmost, and have confiscated a Newfoundland schooner for selling fish at St. Pierre. This seizure has much angered the Newfoundlanders, who have been trying to avoid any collision in order not to complicate the negotiations now proceeding. Meanwhile another fishery grievance has been raised against England, this time nearer home. M. Laur, the ex-Boulangist, who spends all his energies in worrying the Government, complained in the Chamber that a British company were trying to obtain a monopoly of the sardine fishery, but his interpellation fell flat, the House being far more alarmed about the new Tariff Bill in the United States. Such vast quantities of French goods are exported to the States that the proposed Protectionist tariff would injure Gallic trade considerably, and the manufacturers are very little reassured by M. Ribot announcing that the American Government will apply the Bill in a conciliatory spirit. The arrears of work in the Chamber may keep Parliament sitting till the middle of August, but the long-discussed Direct Taxation Bill has been passed, and sent up to the Senate. Two of its most important features are the remission of taxation for small ratepayers with a family of over seven children, and the increased tax on the large drapery establishments which act as stores. PARIS mourns the death of Sir Richard Wallace, whose sympathy in the Franco-Prussian War and general benevolence were warmly acknowledged. A street will be named after Sir Richard. Sensation-lovers have enjoyed a terrible tragedy. A Jewish couple and their six children, who were starving, suffocated themselves with charcoal, but the mother fell into a cataleptic condition, and was living when the police broke into the room four days later.

IN GERMANY, the Emperor returns from Norway this week, much delighted with his trip, notwithstanding the rough weather. He leaves for England next week, while a visit to Ostend and to Heligoland is also in the programme. The Heligolanders have drawn up a grateful farewell address to Queen Victoria, and the Germans are delighted that the islanders speak cordially of being "once more allied by race with a kindred people," instead of the grudging assent expected. Altogether, England is in high favour with most Germans just now, and the friendly and purely family character of the Emperor's coming visit to the Queen is contrasted favourably with the formal festivities which await him later in RUSSIA, where the Press are most uncomplimentary both to Emperor William and the German nation. The Czar will escort his guest to the elaborate military manoeuvres on the Gulf of Finland, while General Caprivi is likely to accompany his master and meet M. de Giers. Russia does not expect that the new Chancellor will be so eager to court her favour as Prince Bismarck, whose recent utterances, by the by, have stirred up a fierce war of words in the Teutonic Press, thanks to his denunciation of his former organ, the *North German Gazette*. Now the Prince declares that he is too old to return to office, even if his self-respect allowed him to do so.

BELGIUM is celebrating a double event in her history—the sixtieth anniversary of the national independence, and the twenty-fifth of King Leopold's accession. The latter commemoration is anticipated from the actual date—December 10th—to coincide with the national fêtes. Belgium has made wonderful progress within King Leopold's twenty-five years of rule. Her population has increased from 4,800,000 to 6,100,000; her chief towns have expanded beyond expectation; her national income has doubled; commerce has grown in proportion; and, notwithstanding strikes and industrial agitation, the kingdom enjoys full prosperity. No wonder, then, that the Belgians keep the anniversary with much enthusiasm. Brussels has been crowded by provincial sightseers and foreign visitors to witness the fêtes, which began on Sunday with a pigeon-contest and the great historical procession illustrating the Revolution of the sixteenth century. Belgians always manage such displays well, but this cavalcade was unusually picturesque and accurate, with its groups of national heroes, from the Beggars and Egmont and Hoon to William the Silent. The same eventful period was commemorated at the Place du Petit Sablon, which has been fitted up as an old Flemish garden, ornamented with statues of the illustrious men engaged in the struggle for national freedom. On Monday, the anniversary proper, the King and Queen, with the State and City authorities, attended a Te Deum at the Cathedral, and afterwards their Majesties received a host of deputations from public bodies to present addresses. A national cantata and army parade followed, illuminations and fireworks closing the day. Tuesday was devoted to reviewing the army and the civic guard, while the Bruxellois further enjoyed popular fêtes of every description, from *Kermesses* and musical competitions to anglers' contests. In his replies to the various congratulatory addresses, King Leopold speaks proudly of Belgian progress and prosperity, and promises to neglect nothing to merit "the only title for which I have an ambition—that of a far-seeing patriot." Naturally, His Majesty's most important remarks refer to the Congo State. He tells his people that the object of his life "is to render Belgium beautiful, strong, and happy. May Belgian nationality, while fortifying herself on the ancient soil of Europe, extend her fruitful and powerful branches to distant countries." Ever since the foundation of the Congo State, he had thought only of Belgium, and this was the moment to assure his African property to the country. "Belgium will thus be my heir, and equally with myself will never wish to diminish the extent or importance of her new possessions." The Convention carrying out the King's proposals was to be laid before Parliament on Thursday, and will embody a statement of the present condition of the Congo State. The debts are inconsiderable, while for the next ten years the King will personally assist with funds. Additional expenditure will be required, however, if the State is to carry out the Anti-Slavery measures prescribed by the Brussels Conference—which, by the way, is still rendered futile by HOLLAND refusing to sign the General Act. This Dutch obstruction is due chiefly to one man, a spirit dealer in Africa, and a member of the Upper House.

PORTUGAL wishes that she could settle her African territories as easily as Belgium, and is growing impatient at the long delay in negotiations with England. Repeated attempts are made in Parliament to elicit some information from the Government, and the late

Foreign Minister, Senhor Barros Gomes, during the debate on Monday, strongly condemned the rumoured arrangement. The Portuguese are specially opposed to giving up the district between Tete and Zumbo, on the Zambesi, which has hitherto been theirs by tacit consent, but is needed by England for communications between Matabeleland and Nyassaland. Indeed, Senhor Emydio Navairo, who is a fierce Anglophobe, used the most bitter language against England for this "ignominious" proposition. According to the report, the River Ruio will form the eastern boundary between the British and Portuguese territories, while Portuguese influence on the west will extend from the south of the German country to the Upper Zambesi. The district further east, including Lake Nyassa and the Northern Shiré, will belong to England, who also takes the south bank of the Zambesi; while Portugal receives the northern shore. It is also stated that a proclamation will be issued shortly, establishing international navigation of the Zambesi and Shiré rivers. On the spot itself, both British and Portuguese are active, the former launching gunboats on the Zambesi, and the latter trying to win over the natives. Farther up the coast, in EAST AFRICA, the Germans are still fighting the inland tribes, so that the late caravan under Mr. Stokes has been delayed at Saadani. The Egyptian and Indian troops recruited for the British Company are doing well at Mombassa.

BULGARIA has won an important concession from TURKEY. Though still evading the question of Prince Ferdinand's recognition, the Porte yields to the second demand of the recent Bulgarian Note, and has granted letters of investiture to three Bulgarian Bishops in Macedonia. The Bulgarians are delighted, regarding the Turkish action as the first step towards further concessions, while M. Stambouloff will enjoy a more favourable position for the elections, besides being relieved from the necessity of carrying out those hints of desperate action which he has so freely given of late. Encouraged by this success, the Minister has submitted to the Porte the prospect of an alliance between the two countries, whereby Turkey would recognise Prince Ferdinand, and engage to protect Bulgarian Independence in return for Bulgaria supporting the Sultan with a minimum force of 60,000 men in the event of war. But Turkey is not likely to go any further at present, having aroused jealousy in GREECE by her Macedonian concession, and angered RUSSIA through daring to favour Bulgaria. Accordingly Russia threatens pressure regarding ARMENIA, where matters appear to go from bad to worse. Erzerum continues panic-stricken, the shops are shut, and all business has stopped. The Turkish forces are to be increased, and if the threatened Martial Law is enforced, the state of the unfortunate Armenians will be most unenviable. Further, the Porte is much harassed by the brigands, who have grown so daring as to carry off two Austrian engineers, engaged on the Scutari railway line to Angora. Happily Messrs. Mejer and Von Gerson were released speedily.

Rumours of dissension between President Harrison and Mr. Blaine are afloat in the UNITED STATES. The President is said to be jealous of Mr. Blaine's popularity, and to have delayed the publication of the Behring Sea correspondence, besides embarrassing the Secretary of State considerably during the negotiations. The President wishes to deal sharply with the British sealers in the Sea, and his opposition produced a British protest, together with a plain hint that force would not be confined to one side in case of harsh treatment. The chief catastrophe of the week in the States is the fire at the Western Union Telegraph Company, caused by an explosion. The whole building was gutted and telegraphic communication delayed for some hours, but no lives were lost.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The cholera in SPAIN lingers on, and has attacked a few more villages in Valencia.—GREECE is delighted at possessing another heir in the direct line, a son having been born to the Crown Prince and Princess on Sunday. Both the King and Queen were absent, King George returning on Monday, while the Empress Frederick did not arrive in time to be with her daughter. The Princess Sophie is going on well, like her baby, who will be named George.—In EGYPT, the unpopular Corvée tax will not be collected this season, as France consents to the profits of the Conversion being devoted to this purpose for the present year.—Recent heavy rains in INDIA have produced disastrous floods in the north-east district. The tea-gardens at Darjeeling and the Terai have been under water, so that the planters went about in boats. On the other hand, BURMA wants rain badly, especially round Mandalay, where scarcity threatens.—CHINA also suffers from inundations. Summer freshets have swelled the Hoangho and Peiho, and the country is flooded almost to the walls of Peking.—Notwithstanding official denials, GUATEMALA and SAN SALVADOR seem to have gone to war informally, as the latter Republic objects to allow Guatemala to interfere in her affairs, and will not join a proposed union of the five Central American Republics. So the Guatemalans crossed the frontier, and were defeated after a brief struggle. Nor is South America much more peaceful. Thus, in URUGUAY, the chief bankers have refused to accept a forced paper currency to relieve the financial tension; while, in the ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, a plot to overthrow the Government has just been frustrated, causing intense agitation at Buenos Ayres.—In SOUTH AFRICA Mr. Cecil Rhodes has formed a coalition Ministry for the Cape, including Mr. Merriman as Treasurer, Mr. Sauer as Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Sivewright, who represents the Dutch element, as Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works. British commercial circles expect a rapid development of South African resources under the new Premier, the "Diamond King," who has gained such wide experience during his brief career.



THE QUEEN is now in the Isle of Wight with Princess Christian and the children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Other members of the Royal Family will join Her Majesty shortly to welcome the German Emperor, who is expected to reach Cowes in the *Hohenzollern* next Sunday. He will remain with the Queen until the following Thursday, and, as his visit is private, no State ceremonials have been arranged, though His Majesty will probably visit the Fleet. On leaving Osborne, he takes a brief trip to Edinburgh to see the Forth Bridge. Meanwhile the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh daily visit the Queen, and on Sunday, with Prince Alfred, joined Her Majesty and Princess Christian for Divine Service at Osborne, where Canon Prothero preached. On Tuesday the Queen went out on the *Alberta* to inspect the *Himalaya*, which was conveying the 11th Hussars to the Cape. To-day (Saturday) Her Majesty opens the new "Empress Dock" at Southampton, steaming round in her yacht. The Court leaves for Scotland, as usual, at the end of August for over two months' stay.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday attended the marriage of Lord Loughborough and Miss Vyner, and went to the wedding-breakfast. Later he left for Waddesdon Manor, Bucks, to stay with Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, while the Princess went on a visit to the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, both returning on Monday to dine with Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill. Next day the Prince, as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, presented a wedding gift from the members to the Honourable Blanche Colville,

and later the Prince and Princess and daughters witnessed the marriage of Mr. Frank Bibby to Miss Edith Clarke, daughter of the Princess's private secretary. On Wednesday evening the Prince and Princess and daughters went to Lady Salisbury's ball. Next day they visited South London, where great preparations were made for their reception. The Prince first laid the memorial-stone of the new nave of St. Saviour's, Southwark; and afterwards laid the foundation-stone of the new Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital. In the evening the Royal party dined with Lord Alington, while last night (Friday) they were expected at the Marchesa Santurce's ball. Next Monday the Prince and Princess go to Goodwood until the following Saturday, when they take up their quarters on the *Osborne* off Cowes. On going abroad in the middle of next month, the Prince will stay first at Homburg, while the Princess travels to Gmunden to see her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, and afterwards joins her parents in Denmark.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale has been very ill with Indian fever, aggravated by the Prince rising from his bed in the midst of his attack to fulfil a public engagement at York. He is now convalescent, and probably will go to one of the North Coast watering-places for change of air.—Prince George has been at Bermuda in the *Thrush*, and has now gone to Newfoundland, where a strong British Squadron gathered in his honour.—The Duchess of Fife has now quite recovered, and has gone to Scotland.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children are staying in town. They were at the Court Theatre on Monday.—Princess Louise was at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday night.—The Duchess of Albany on Monday distributed the prizes at the National Orphan Home, Ham. The little Duke has just kept his sixth birthday.—Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg witnessed the Passion Play at Oberammergau on Sunday.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters arrived at Gibraltar on Monday in the *Victoria and Albert*. Her Majesty landed for a few hours, and entertained the local authorities and the German Consul on board the yacht before starting for Athens on Wednesday.



"HAMLET."—It is only the truth to say that no very great measure of success attended the revival at Covent Garden on Monday, in French, of M. Ambroise Thomas' serious opera, *Hamlet*. Opera-goers could hardly pretend to be particularly interested in the extraordinary version of Shakespeare's tragedy put forward by MM. Barbier and Carré, in which Polonius is supposed to be privy to the murder of Hamlet's father, the grave-digger has no part at all, and not one of the *dramatis personæ* dies, save the luckless Ophelia. The music, too, although it may or may not be a fair sample of the serious style of the French master, lacks the bright melodiousness which has made *Mignon* so popular. The work, indeed, was revived partly for copyright reasons, but more especially in order to give M. Lassalle and Madame Richard, as Hamlet and the Queen, an opportunity to appear in rôles in which, at the Paris Opéra, they had gained great celebrity. The Hamlet of the French baritone is based chiefly upon the original creation of M. Faure, although in the opera he is a far older personage than he usually appears in the play. The story of *Hamlet*, according to the version of the opera now performed, is never finished, as it ends with the great duet between Hamlet and his mother, in which occur the lines, "Look upon this picture, and on that," while Ophelia alone takes part in the sixth and final act, which is by far the finest of the work. Here Madame Melba, although in no way recalling Madame Christine Nilsson, the best Ophelia the London stage has yet seen, gave a careful delivery of the heroine's death-song, the melody of which, by the way, was borrowed from a Swedish source. Only one performance is to be given of *Hamlet* this season, and as, indeed, M. Thomas' opera did not attract a large audience, it necessarily must make way for more popular works.

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL.—The Worcester Triennial Festival will open on Sep. 9th with *St. Paul*, followed in the evening by Mr. C. Lee Williams's Church cantata *The Last Night at Bethany*, and the second part of Haydn's *Creation*. On the morning of September 10th a mixed programme will include Mozart's *Requiem* and Weber's *Harvest* cantata. In the evening, the only secular concert will be given in the public hall, the programme comprising Dr. Hubert Parry's *St. Cecilia's Day* and Mr. Elgar's new overture *Froissart*. On September 11th Professor Bridge's new oratorio *The Repentance of Nineveh*, written specially for the Festival, will be produced, followed by Beethoven's *Engedi*. *Elijah* will be given in the Cathedral on the evening of September 11th, and *Messiah* on the morning of September 12th. Madames Albani, Hutchinson, and Eaton; Misses Anna Williams, Hilda Wilson, and Damian; Messrs. Lloyd Jones, Mills, Greene, and Brereton will be the chief vocalists, Mr. Carrodus will lead the orchestra, and Mr. C. Lee Williams will conduct, the veteran Mr. Done gracefully resigning the *bâton*, and contenting himself with the post of orchestral steward.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concert season is now practically over, only one or two students' performances remaining to be given. On Monday Master Max Hambourg, the Russian juvenile prodigy, gave a second recital, and although the programme was by no means so exacting as at his *début*, it was obvious that this promising young player needs further and more serious study. He is now temporarily to be withdrawn from public life for further study, and the step doubtless is a wise one. M. Paderewski has volunteered to teach the boy, and the offer will probably be accepted.—Madame Patti last week made her final appearance this season at a concert at the Albert Hall. She had entirely recovered from her recent indisposition, and, being in splendid voice, she was, as usual, liberal in the matter of encores. For example, she sang and repeated "Let the Bright Seraphim," and, after a splendid delivery of the florid air, "Bel raggio," from Rossini's *Semiramide*, she gave James Hook's "Twins Within a Mile of Edinbro' Town." "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls" resulted in an encore, whereupon the popular artist sang "Home, Sweet Home."—On Saturday, Miss Sybil Palliser, a promising young pianist, gave a *matinée*, and the Sunday School choir, five thousand singers strong, had a performance at the Crystal Palace.—Madame Konss-Baylis last week gave her entertainment, *The Gipsy Revellers*, a sketch illustrating gipsy life and pastimes, and accompanied by gipsy music borrowed from the works of various British and foreign masters.—The Wagner Society gave a *conversazione* last week. Among the Wagnerian music performed was the first act of *Die Walküre*, the orchestral accompaniments being played upon two pianofortes by Messrs. Schönbürger and Armbruster.

"COSI FAN TUTTE."—Although an opera which depends for its success mainly upon the careful singing of Mozart's music and upon experienced comedy-acting furnished rather a severe test to a party of students from the Royal College of Music, yet the performance of *Così fan tutte* at the Savoy Theatre last week was highly creditable to all concerned. *Così fan tutte*, when performed as it was at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1842 with Persiani, Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini in the chief parts, failed to make any impression. The libretto is acknowledged to be one of the most absurd ever written, and Mozart himself very pardonably neglected

to ally his best music with so feeble a book. The Royal College students, after the nervousness which at first marred their efforts had worn off, gave a very creditable performance of the music, the impersonation of the cynic Don Alfonso by Mr. Magrath, and the bright acting of the rôle of the waiting-maid Despina by Miss Maggie Davies, being especially excellent. Whether a work which is more or less obsolete was quite worth the enormous pains and trouble taken in its preparation is another question.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti, who is now resting at Craig-y-Nos Castle, will resume her provincial tour in October.—A collection of harmony-exercises and transcriptions from the works of Bach, said to be in the hand-writing of Goethe, has just been discovered in an old bookcase at Weimar. If genuine, this will set at rest the question whether or no the poet had studied music.—Madame Attalie Claire, the American mezzo-soprano, who will play the principal part in *Captain Thérèse* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre next month, studied under Madame Fürsch-Madi, and has, during the past three years, been singing with the Boston Ideals and the American National Opera Company in *Carmen*, *Faust*, and *The Bohemian Girl*.—Madame Paul de Musset has at length given M. Gounod the long-delayed permission to utilise the plot of Alfred de Musset's "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour."—*Dorothy*, with Messrs. Arthur Williams and Furneaux Cook in their original parts, is being played this week at the Grand Theatre, Islington, by a company formed for the purpose of taking the work on tour in the provinces.



If it is a merit to break with tradition, and substitute a fresh type for a stale conventionality, then Mr. Nat Goodwin's sketch of the Yankee speculator in Messrs. Brander Matthews and G. H. Jessop's comedy at the Gaiety may claim praise of a certain sort; for, whatever may be thought of Silas K. Wolcot, the hero of *A Gold Mine*, he is certainly very unlike other Yankee speculators who have from time to time presented themselves on our stage. Silas K. Wolcot visits our shores for the purpose of finding a purchaser for a gold mine in the States. "I know that gold mine!" we fancy we can hear some reader who has been lately at the Garrick Theatre exclaim, as he conjures up the familiar figure of the 'cute American who is of opinion that the best way of disposing of property of this description is to look for a buyer in lands conveniently remote. But this would be to do a great injustice to Silas K. Wolcot. His mine will confer a *bona fide* "potentiality of acquiring wealth," as Dr. Johnson is reported to have said, but he is only anxious to transfer it to somebody else at the extremely low price for cash of 20,000*l.* It is for this that he has dropped down on the household of a certain City knight; but unfortunately Mr. Wolcot's habit of occupying himself with everything but the business in hand is greatly against him. When he ought to be shrewdly bargaining he is bandying idle jests, or spouting Shakespearian verse with a ridiculous middle-aged representative of Juliet. "Business before pleasure" has hitherto been supposed to be the maxim of Americans who have gold mines to sell; but Mr. Wolcot's motto is always "Pleasure first." Moreover, his notion of pleasure is, as will have been seen, peculiar. It finally takes the form of a burning desire to give 10,000*l.* to the City knight's cub of a son in order to extricate him from some pecuniary embarrassments into which he had certainly no excuse for falling; and so awkwardly does Silas K. Wolcot manage the matter that his astute host, having discovered his craving for that amount, finally beats down the price of the gold mine to one half its estimated value. So the creditors of a cub of a son get all the purchase-money, and the destitute Silas sits down to weep over his hard lot, till the ready wit of the knight's sister, sharpened by her love for this remarkable specimen of Transatlantic simplicity, devises a mode of extricating him from the disastrous bargain.

Such, briefly sketched, is the story. The Yankee speculator is, of course, an inconceivable personage. His cool assurance and matter-of-fact airs are at perpetual variance with his imbecile talk and behaviour; and, unfortunately, the dialogue of the play is hardly less strained and empty-headed than the conception of the story. One at least of the joint-authors has a literary reputation; but it is certain that he has not put much of his literary power into this play. A few samples will suffice. "I suppose," says one observer, "you will cut a swell when you have sold your mine?" "I never cut any swell," is the reply, "unless he puts on side." "He is a rough diamond," pleads one. "Yes," replies another, "that is why I wish to cut him." "Quartz," it is observed, "cost money to obtain." "That," replies Silas, "is what a countryman of mine thought whose income rarely permitted him to go beyond pints." "You are a bachelor?" inquires some one. "Yes," is the answer; "a bachelor by instinct. I was born so, sir." For brilliant originality, however, the following passage of dialogue between Silas and the heroine, Una, must perhaps take the prize. Silas: "Miss Una, tell me one thing: is it right to keep what doesn't belong to you?" Una: "Certainly not." Silas: "Then I'll just trouble you to give me back those kisses of mine." Mr. Goodwin and his associates received a cordial—even a tumultuous—welcome from an audience apparently partly composed of American residents or visitors, and partly of that good-natured class of English playgoers who make a point of giving a friendly reception to an actor of note coming among us from the other side of the Atlantic. But before we can fairly estimate his powers, we must wait till we have seen him in a better play. He has the reputation of being a very clever burlesque actor. His impersonation in this piece, however, belongs rather to eccentric comedy. All that can be said of it is that it showed him to be in possession of a certain ease, self-possession, and smoothness of style which may serve him in good stead under happier conditions.

A new tragic actress has made her appearance in the person of Miss Laura Johnson, who, by way of introduction to the London public, has been lately giving recitals from Shakespeare in association with Mr. Hermann Vezin at occasional morning performances. Miss Johnson cannot boast of the commanding presence of a Siddons, or the classic grace of a Mary Anderson. She is a person of somewhat slight build, with a countenance which does not at first suggest tragic expression. But she has, for all this, given decided evidence of power of a very rare kind. At Mr. Charles Pond's *matinée* at PRINCE'S HALL on Saturday she recited with Mr. Vezin some passages from *Macbeth* in a way which may be said to have kindled the imagination and sent a thrill through the hearts of the spectators. Miss Johnson does not rant, or resort, indeed, to any of the expedients that find favour with the melodramatic school of actors. Her style is chaste, and her most passionate utterances are well under control. A certain concentration and inward energy of passion were the general characteristics of her delivery on Saturday; but her outburst of scornful reproach in the scene in which she braves up the faltering resolution of her guilty partner came for this reason with all the greater effect. The performance, though limited to a few passages only of the play, was one of the highest promise.

Miss Ada Rehan's brilliant success in the character of Rosalind has brought about a complete change in the future arrangements of

the Daly Company at the LYCEUM. Instead of varying the bill with other pieces of their repertory, it is determined to go on with the representations of *As You Like It* till further notice. The praises of the new Rosalind may have been a little extravagant; and there is some truth in the charge that the less discriminating admirers of this admirable actress have, on this occasion, overlooked a tendency to excess, together with a certain lack of refinement; but Miss Rehan's Rosalind is, after all, an impersonation of great spirit and considerable charm.

Mr. Leslie, on the closing night of the burlesque season at the Gaiety, told his friends that he intends to have a theatre of his own. *Costi fan Tutti!* How the stage will get on when every actor has become an actor-manager is a problem which those who have been discussing this burning question recently in the reviews and papers appear not to have considered.

The writer of the Monday article on the theatres in the *Daily News* has been indiscreet enough to divulge the secret of Mrs. Keeley's age. This wonderful old lady, who is seen—and apparently always in excellent spirits—very frequently at morning performances, is in her eighty-third year. She was in her seventeenth year when she first made her appearance on the stage. That was in the year 1824, at the old Ipswich Theatre, and it is in token of this fact that she undertook to be at the ceremony of the laying of the first stone of the new theatre in that town on Wednesday last.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe," seems to be the motto of Mr. George Alexander. Time was when our theatres sought to win a special reputation for some particular line—the Adelphi for melodrama, the Haymarket for comedy, and so forth. Mr. Alexander, however, will no sooner have exhausted his brilliant triumph with bright and merry *Dr. Bill* at the AVENUE, than he will return to his original design—so at least rumours aver—and produce the English version of that despondently sombre play, *La Lutte pour la Vie*.

The statement that the performances at the LYCEUM *matinée* last week have resulted in a contribution of 250*l.* to the Actors' Benevolent Fund is, we believe, a trifle too sanguine. That was about the gross sum taken for seats, but, though the leading performers give their services on these occasions, advertising and other expenses reduce the net gains very considerably.

Miss Calhoun has been engaged by Mr. Willard to play the heroine of Mr. Jones's *Judah* in the place of Miss Olga Brandon, who joins the company of the ADELPHI.

The new play, by Messrs. Sims and Buchanan, in preparation at the ADELPHI, is to be called *The Winning Post*. This may probably suggest to some a sporting drama; but the only "winning post" in the piece is, we believe, of a purely metaphorical kind.

The special feature of the extensive programme of performances for the benefit of Mrs. Jeune's Holiday Fund at the LYCEUM, on Wednesday, was an occasional poetical address, written by Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, and delivered by Miss Ada Rehan.



THE RECORDER OF PENZANCE, Mr. R. A. Kinglake, in his charge to the Grand Jury, after observing that he noticed in the list of convictions the case of a man who had been fined for using abusive language, commented on that employed by a Colonel when presiding at a local meeting recently addressed by Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. Conybeare. By this gentleman and another speaker the Chief Secretary of Ireland had been called "a liar," "a bully," "a coward," and "a snob." The example thus set, the Recorder pertinently remarked, was not calculated to make the lower classes abstain from the use of filthy and abusive epithets.

THE "CLAIMANT" has actually been figuring as plaintiff in an action for libel brought at Manchester against the proprietor of *Illustrated Bits*, which, in reference to a proposal made early this year that he should become a candidate for the seat then vacant at Stoke-on-Trent, denounced him with great plainness of speech in a paragraph headed "The Impudent Pretensions of a Humbug." One slip the writer made in speaking of him as a "convicted felon," whereas it was for a misdemeanour that he was imprisoned. As compensation for this mistake in describing him, the defendant paid 1*s.* into Court. The jury found for the defendants, saying that there had been no libel. In the witness-box the plaintiff asserted that his name was Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, and that the jury which convicted him of perjury was a packed one.

SPECULATORS, PROFESSIONAL AND OTHER, who purchase shares, not for investment, but to sell them as soon as their price rises in the market, often burn their fingers, but they generally blame themselves, and do not bring actions against those who may have given them a hint to buy. Not so Mr. Sigbert Kosterlitz, an experienced financial agent and underwriter of nascent companies, who, after long hesitation, purchased four hundred shares in a South African Gold Company at 8*l.* 5*s.* each, on receiving a memorandum from the office of a Mr. Mockford, the principal owner of the mine, who advised an immediate purchase. Owing to several circumstances, the shares, which seem to have looked promising at the moment of the plaintiff's purchase of them, instead of rising, fell in value, and the buyer when disposing of them found that he had lost 2,500*l.* by his speculation. He brought an action against Mr. Mockford, who, he alleged, when advising him to buy them did not believe them to be worth that price, but in reality wished to increase their value in the market for his own benefit by creating a demand for them. Mr. Baron Pollock, who tried the case without a jury, acquitted the defendant of any sinister motive of the kind, and gave a verdict in his favour. Incidentally some curious light was thrown on mining speculation. The defendant admitted that he had made 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* by the various mining companies which he promoted, but when asked "has any one of these companies ever paid a penny of dividend?" only replied to the inquiring counsel, "You cannot know much about gold mines to ask such a question."

AN INGENIOUS PLAN FOR DEFRAUDING COAL-CONSUMERS has been disclosed, and the persons engaged in carrying it out have been punished at the Manchester Assizes. The carters employed by a coal agent in that city to deliver coal ordered by customers were provided with two separate tickets, one bearing on its face the correct weight of the coal in the cart, and the other a larger weight. Their orders were that, if on delivering the coal, the customer required it to be weighed they were to hand him in the ticket showing the correct amount; but if, as frequently happened, no such precaution was taken, the false ticket was to be given him with a corresponding invoice, so that he was charged more than he ought to have been. In some cases two or three hundredweight were thus added to the real weight. Mr. Justice A. L. Smith sentenced the instigator of the fraud to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour, and two of the servants in his employment who practised it to two months and one month's imprisonment, respectively, without hard labour.

JEWS IN RUSSIA will be forbidden shortly to edit or publish political newspapers. The Government intend to leave the Israelites no opportunity of airing their grievances in print.



THE DECISION in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln will not, it is now understood, be given until after the Long Vacation.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD will to-day (Saturday) consecrate the Smithfield Martyrs' Memorial Church, St. John Street Road, Clerkenwell.

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL, preaching at Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon, spoke of his friend, the late Robert Browning, as one of the most original thinkers of his generation, whose thoughts had no relation to those of any other poet. He did not, like Wordsworth and Shelley, write of Nature; he considered the incidents in the development of the human soul as the only subject worthy of a poet's notice. He had written on Christian themes, Lazarus and St. John, as had other poets, and his delineations were truer than theirs. His early education was deficient, and he had no University training (though to one college in Oxford he attached himself with peculiar affection), yet, Professor Jowett said, his own efforts made him one of the most learned men in Europe.

THE STILL VALUABLE LIVING OF ALL HALLOWS, LONDON WALL, has been presented by the Lord Chancellor to the Rev. S. J. Stone, Vicar of St. Paul's, Haggerstone, the author of the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," which, the *Record* says, "is rapidly coming to be recognised as the hymn of English Churchmen throughout the world."

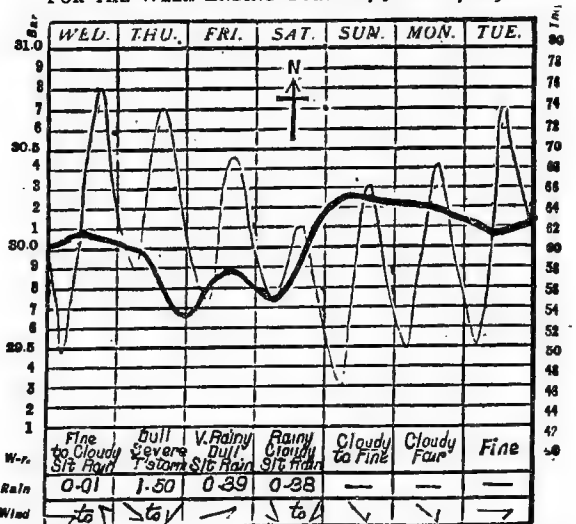
MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL has started the Mission in West Hackney resolved on at a meeting held a year ago. A missionary has been appointed, a site has been obtained from Mr. Tyssen Amherst, M.P., and a mission-room has been dedicated to St. Barnabas by the Bishop of London.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE held its opening meeting at Bristol on Tuesday, when the Rev. Dr. Moulton was elected President, with 259 votes; the Rev. Dr. Stephenson following with 152, and Dr. Rigg with 31. The Secretary was re-elected with practical unanimity.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Canon Liddon continues to make favourable progress towards recovery.—A memorial cross has been at last placed on the spot in Mamore Forest, in Argyllshire, where Mr. Mackonochie, of St. Alban's, Holborn, was found dead in December, 1887.—An appeal is made for 250*l.* to erect a Sunday School and Recreation Room in the Ascension District, Victoria and Albert Docks. Fifty pounds from the Bishop of St. Albans' Fund have been granted towards the object, which is being promoted by a committee of working men. The Rev. J. F. Smith, Curate-in-charge, is among those to whom subscriptions may be sent.—The well-known Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, has accepted the Presidency of the International Council of Congregationalists, which is to assemble from all parts of the world in London during July, 1891.—The memorial to Mrs. Craik, a medallion portrait, by Mr. Armstead, R.A., with elaborate surroundings, some time since mentioned in this column, as projected by an influential committee, which included Lord Tennyson and the late Robert Browning, has been placed in the Abbey at Tewkesbury, the town which she made the home of the hero of her best-known work, "John Halifax, Gentleman."—The memorial to the late Richard Jefferies, is to be a marble bust of "the poor poet of the Wiltshire Downs," executed by Miss Margaret Thomas, and to be placed, appropriately, in Salisbury Cathedral. On the Committee of subscribers are the Bishop and Dean of Salisbury and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P. Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Charles Longman are honorary secretaries of the Memorial Fund, for which only some 150*l.* are required. Mr. Arthur Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War, is the treasurer, and has opened an account for subscriptions with Stuckey's Banking Company, Taunton.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 22, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (22nd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the British Islands during the past week has again been of a changeable character, with considerable falls of rain over the Southern parts of England. The barometer, which at first showed readings of 30*l.* or more in most parts of the United Kingdom, soon became very unsteady, owing to the advance from the Westward of depressions, moving in an Easterly direction. The first of these disturbances travelled along the Channel, and then turned to the North-Eastward, causing as it did so severe thunderstorms and very heavy falls of rain at many of our Southern and South-Eastern Stations. The largest daily amounts of rainfall were 2*l.* 5*l.* at Southampton, 2*l.* 0*l.* at Southam, 1*l.* 8*l.* at London, 1*l.* 4*l.* at Scilly, Jersey, and Hurst Castle, and 1*l.* 0*l.* at Cambridge. With the second depression, which advanced from our North-Western Coasts in a South-Eastward course to the East of England, further heavy rainfall was experienced in the South-East and East, the largest amount, which exceeded an inch, falling at Yarmouth. In the rear of this latter disturbance the mercury rose somewhat briskly over our Western and South-Western districts, but remained low to the Northward of Scotland. During the latter portions of the week, therefore, some improvement in the weather set in with North-Westerly to Westerly breezes in most places, occasional bright intervals generally, and a gradual cessation of the rainfall in nearly all parts of the country. Temperature has again been below the average. The minima have been very little different from their normals, but the highest readings have again fallen below the mean values in most places.

The barometer was highest (30*l.* 24*l.*) on Sunday (20th inst.); lowest (29*l.* 68*l.*) on Thursday (17th inst.); range 0*l.* 56*l.*

The temperature was highest (76°) on Wednesday (16th inst.); lowest (46°) on Sunday (20th inst.); range 30°.

Rain fell on four days. Total amount 2*l.* 28*l.* inches. Greatest fall on any one day 1*l.* 50*l.* inch on Thursday (17th inst.)



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Assault at Arms by the Lambeth Polytechnic.
Display by Members of the Ladies' Polytechnic.
Exhibition on Active Service Practically Illustrated by one of the Guards Regiments.
Assault at Arms by the Finsbury Polytechnic, under the Leadership of Professor Drake.
Sports by the 16th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.
Gymnastic Exercises by the Students of the Royal Naval College and Academy for the Blind, Upper Norwood.

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THE TURF.—The Summer Meeting at Liverpool, which began on Tuesday, is always interesting, and the Liverpool Cup, as usual, has been the medium of considerable speculation. The next race in importance to the Cup was the St. George's Stakes, in which were seen the two well-known three-year-olds Le Nord and Alloway, both of whom had to give considerable weight to Hebrides, who won by half a length, and was promptly promoted to the post of favourite for the Cup, run on the following day, and which resulted in Father Confessor being first, L'Abbesse de Jouarre second, and Shall We Remember third. Lord Durham's Peter Flower continued his victorious career by winning the Mersey Stakes (value 1,000l.), and Dog Rose, who made his first appearance this season, took the Molyneux Cup, to the surprise of the backers of Day Dawn, Ostrogoth, and others more fancied than the winner. As by this win he earns a 10lb. penalty, there is small prospect of his repeating his victory in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood.

CRICKET.—Lovers of cricket have had a real treat this week, as the weather has been charming, and three days' contest has taken place at Lord's between the Australians and a very strong team representing England. Although the price of admission was raised to a shilling, fully 40,000 people visited the ground during the three days. The Australians went in first, but only made 132; this looked well for the Old Country, but when Grace was caught and bowled without scoring, Shrewsbury stumped when he had made but 4, and W. W. Read bowled with only 1 to his credit, the game did not look so very well; however, M. Read, after running Gunn out in a most silly fashion, made a good stand with Ulyett, who played excellent cricket for his 74 runs. Thanks to these two, 173 were made before the last wicket fell. Our visitors have not been acquitting themselves too well of late, but on this occasion they put their best play forward, the bowling being excellent, and the fielding perfect all round. This last remark cannot be applied to England, for an unpardonable amount of mistakes were made, and chances neglected, during the second innings of the Australians. Dr. Barrett went in first, and kept his wicket up in a most masterly way, making an average of about twelve runs an hour. The game was continued on Wednesday, with the result that England won by seven wickets.

Yorkshire beat Leicestershire very easily by nine wickets, but there was a capital contest between Middlesex and Kent at Tunbridge; the visitors went in first, and were disposed for 148, of which Stoddart made 42. Kent responded with 188; but in their second attempt Middlesex made 280, of which Mr. Paravicini contributed a very well-played 70, while Mr. Ford put on a slashing 60; this left Kent 241 to get to win, of which on Tuesday evening they made 40 for the loss of one wicket, the result of the match being that Kent won by two wickets.—Sussex still keeps up its bad luck; the only match won by this unfortunate county being that against Gloucestershire at the beginning of the season.

ROWING.—Moulsey Regatta, one of the most popular on the Thames, took place on Saturday last. The principal event was the

Senior Eights, and as London and Thames met, very old rivals, considerable interest was taken in the race. The Local Eight drew a bye, so that the first heat practically settled the matter. Since their defeat at Henley, some changes have been made in the Thames crew, and the result proved that they were wise ones, as, after a desperate race, they won by half a length. After this effort they were scarcely as fresh as was necessary in order to beat Moulsey very easily, consequently they had all their work cut out to win, after another hard fight by a third of a length. Thames also took the Senior Fours, the Senior Pairs, and the Senior Sculls.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The One Mile Amateur Swimming Championship was decided at Edgbaston on Saturday, when Mr. S. W. Greaseley, of Leicester, won in 31 min.

SOME MELANCHOLY RELICS OF BEETHOVEN have been added to the Beethoven Museum at Bonn—four of the ear-trumpets which the great composer used during his last years, when deafness made his life miserable.

THE TERRIBLE CYCLONES AND FLOODS which increase yearly in the United States are being ascribed to the reckless de-forestation of the country. Where the trees are cleared from a district there are no swamps, fallen logs, or leaves, to hold back the rivers, and the winter snows melt more rapidly under the spring rains. Windstorms sweep more easily and swiftly over a treeless region, for the forests obstruct the air-currents, checking the cyclones' destructive powers. These two facts are marked more especially in the Mississippi valleys, which have been the chief sufferers this year. Only at the end of last week, fresh disastrous storms followed intense heat in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, where a train was injured, and property and human life suffered grievously. The heat-wave also has reached some portions of Europe, for the temperature has been extremely high in Vienna and Southern Austria after the snows and cold of last week. The thermometer in Vienna has risen to 105 deg. and even 110 deg. Fahr. at midday, and several persons died from sunstroke, while the heat caused much sickness, particularly among the troops.



THE London Season is at an end. Taking it all round, we have had a very gay time, unshadowed by serious calamities at home or abroad. True we have had more than our usual share of cold winds and rain, but now that they are past and gone we find some cause to be grateful for them when making our preparations for the longed-for holidays, as many dainty costumes which would have lost their pristine freshness had they been worn, even for a short time, are quite new and, ready for the warm days which, *on dit*, will last far into the autumn. There are some ultra-fashionable people who pronounce a costume *démodé* if it is twenty-four hours old—so much the better for those who supply their wants; our fashion hints are not intended for them, but for the great majority whose bankers' accounts are not unlimited.

The yachting and boating gowns prepared by the leading

specialists, who make them a study, are somewhat more feminine in their materials and cut than they were last season. White serge of a creamy tint is much worn, sometimes with a touch of colour, at others without.

A very stylish white serge costume for the Cowes week was made thus:—The skirt was quite plain, with the exception of a few pleats in the front and on the left side; the back set in gathers. The jacket was made with a loose front, the *revers* braided in fine white silk cord, cuffs to match; the collar was well rolled back to show a pale blue silk shirt, made with tiny tucks, fastened with closely set fancy pearl buttons; a very jaunty blue silk cap and tassel was to be worn with this costume.

Two very elegant gowns from a leading firm in London and Paris were—the one of blue serge, and blue and white striped serge; the bodice and skirt were made in one, open on the left side, and draped, with a style which can only be accomplished by practised hands, over a striped petticoat; round the waist a cable cord of blue and white, arranged at the opening of the skirt with two loops and ends. The hat to be worn with this costume was of dark blue straw with a white and blue band and cord. The second gown for a more festive occasion was of cream *foulé* serge, braided in thick gold cord; the skirt was trimmed with a pointed design in gold cord, as was also the bodice, from the waist upwards to the bust, and on the high puffed sleeves; cuffs and collar to match; at the side was a wide sash of the *foulé*, with a deep fringe of cream and gold on the ends. For a young girl who "feathers her oars with skill and dexterity" were two useful costumes, the one of dark blue diagonal serge; on the skirt were five rows of white Russian braid; the bodice was made low and open *en cœur* with a white serge sailor collar, on each corner a gilt anchor; blue and white flannel Jersey; blue sash with deep white fringe on the ends. Panama hat with a very broad brim caught up on one side with a gilt anchor, band and streamers of blue and white ribbon. The second was of navy-blue serge, the plain skirt open in three places to show a petticoat of red serge; the blue sleeves were high on the shoulder, with a pointed insertion of red; cuffs and under-vest to match; blue straw hat with a red band; thick cable cord round the waist.

A natty serge or cloth jacket for chilly days, either of blue or black cloth or serge, plain or braided, should be lined throughout with silk or sateen, as it is very troublesome to get off when two rough surfaces meet.

We were recently shown a very well-arranged costume for a lady tricycle-rider; the material was a blue-grey serge, the skirt had only fulness enough to allow for working the pedals. It was buttoned from the waist to the hem on the left side; the back breadths were two inches shorter than the front; the folded bodice opened over a pink and white striped flannel shirt, with a turned-down sailor collar; *gigot* sleeves fastened at the wrist; narrow leather belt, not too stiff. For a chilly day a small shoulder-cape of the material, with a grey velvet yoke and Medicis collar, protects the nape of the neck. The hat to be worn with this costume is of very soft grey felt, with a shady front, trimmed with grey velvet and two or three variegated butterflies; long tan boots with pearl buttons; tan leather gloves.

Our country readers will like to hear something of the dresses worn at the garden-parties and other out-door *fêtes* with which our London season came to a close last month.

First as to the colours worn. Grey in an endless number of shades, for the most part of a bluish tint, palest pink to the deepest red, sea-green to the most vivid grass, heliotrope, amber, gold and

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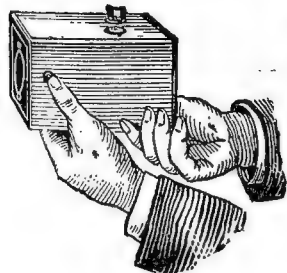


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orange, porcelain blue, and, prettiest and most fashionable of all blues, turquoise. The young people for the most part wore white or cream, touched up with a delicate shade of pink, blue, green, heliotrope, or lemon.

Noteworthy amongst a host of exquisite toilettes at a Royal garden party was a costume of grey bengaline, with numerous frills of silk muslin round the shoulders, and falling in cascades to the feet; the sunshade was frilled to match.

One of the special features of dress this season is the frilled chiffon, which is used most profusely, and falls softly, as it should be made of silk muslin, *lisse*, or *crêpe de chine*.

A very attractive costume was of tapestry blue silk, with sleeves and vest in guipure embroidery of spider's webs. Black was much worn by married ladies, young and old. A very effective toilette was of black *crêpe de chine*, artistically draped over black and white striped satin; the bodice was covered with cut jet, with a deep jet fringe at the waist.

A dress of black *moiré* silk had a front of citron-coloured crystal beads. There were some charming effects in brown and gold; for example, a rich brown Irish poplin was trimmed with brown velvet and narrow lines of gold; the bonnet was of gold.

The season in Paris, which as a rule comes to an end with the

Grand Prix, was prolonged to run parallel with our own. Merry little dinner parties, followed by impromptu dances, were quite the order of the day and night. The toilettes worn were closely bordering on full dress. Silk and satin robes were veiled with lace, gauze, or tulle, embroidered in colours; the low bodices were worn over lace chemisettes, or with the daintiest of fichus in chiffon muslin.

A charming dress was recently worn at a *fête*. It was of white Indian silk, with a design of buttercups sparsely scattered over it, and a deep border to match; the bodice was low, with flutings in the form of a fan, a chemisette of cream Russian net was drawn up with yellow ribbon; on the silk skirt was a panel of net, gathered with four runnings of yellow ribbons; three rows of the same on the hem; sleeves—which by the way are the most important part of the dress—were very wide, drawn in with ribbon, three below the high shoulder puff, and three below the elbow. Lace flounces are used in profusion, narrow and wide; when placed on or under the hem they are not put on straight, but in vandykes. The lace cascade is again in fashion; it forms sufficient trimming for a plain silk or muslin skirt, down one side, tied at intervals with small ribbon bows.—Two very good examples of all-white costumes were recently seen in Paris. One was of rich white corded silk, with

panels of brocaded velvet flowers in high relief; the bodice was made with a full chemisette and puffed sleeves of *mousseline de chiffon*; the bonnet was of white tulle and white sweet peas. The second costume was of white silk and *chiffon*, a large hat to match, with a bunch of white roses; the sunshade was composed of white silk and *chiffon* frills.

It is quite *de rigueur* to have a neat tailor-made costume for travelling. The *fourreau* skirts, when cut by a skilful hand, look very natty; but when too tight, and not properly shaped, they are unbecoming to all but the slimmest—we might say stick-like—figures. Very high-shouldered sleeves should be avoided, as it is most difficult to wear an outdoor wrap of any sort with them. The fashion of wearing everything to match is apt to become ludicrous when carried to excess. For example, we recently met two sisters, the one in powder-blue cotton, with large white spots—hat, gloves, and sunshade of the same bright hue. The other was still more startling, in a vivid scarlet sateen, *toque* hat, veil, gloves, and sunshade to match. Whilst keeping to the same colouring, it is always desirable to break the monotony, or soften the too strong effect, with lace or *chiffon* in black, white, or cream.

Bonnets still continue very small, and are likely to do so until the autumn. Hats are, with few exceptions, very large.

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ENO v. DUNN.

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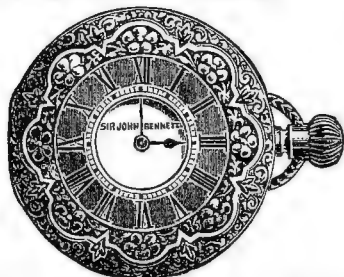
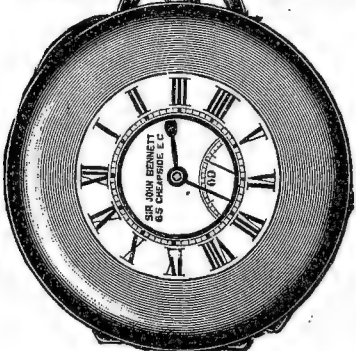
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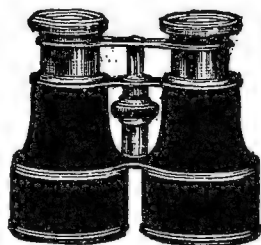
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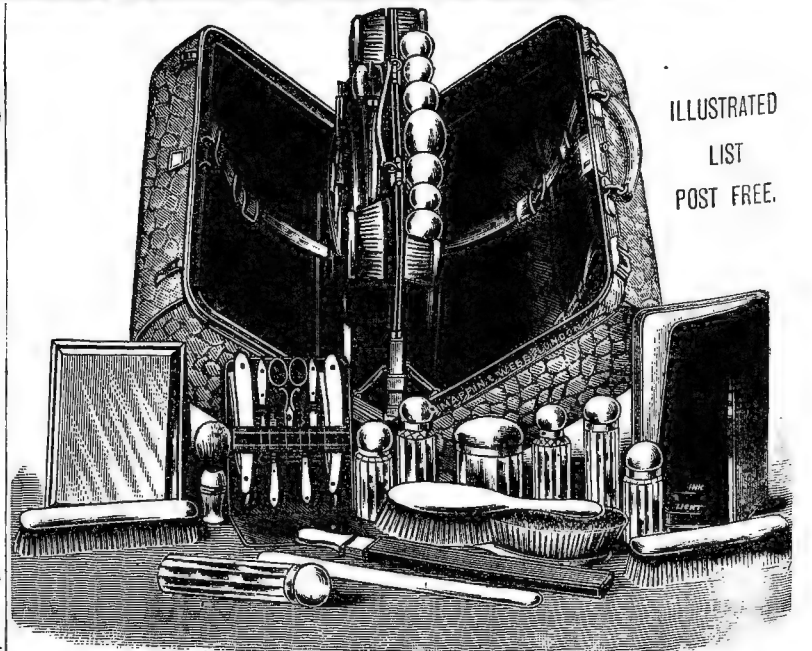


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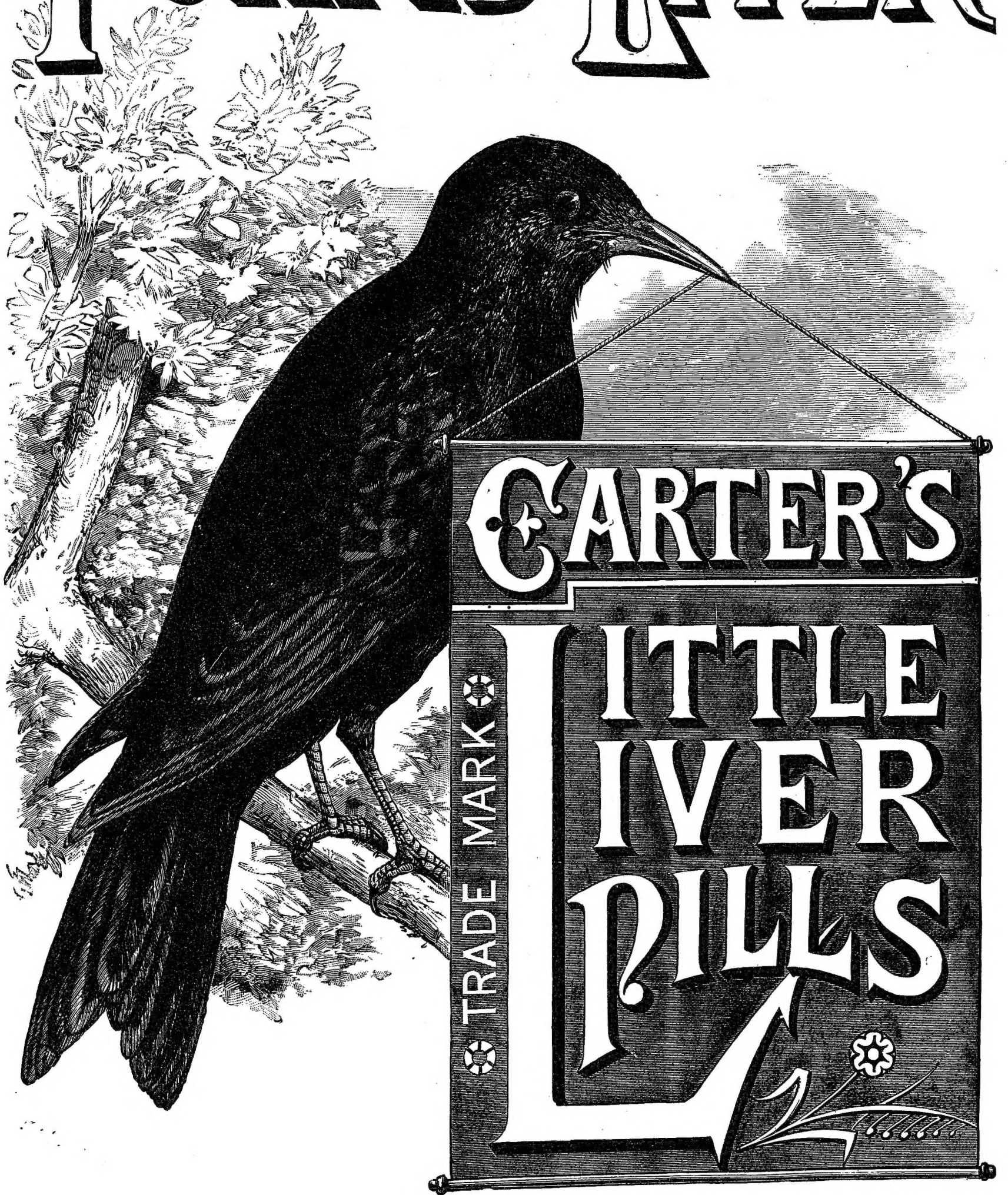
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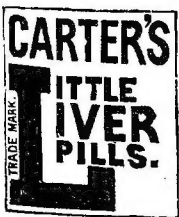
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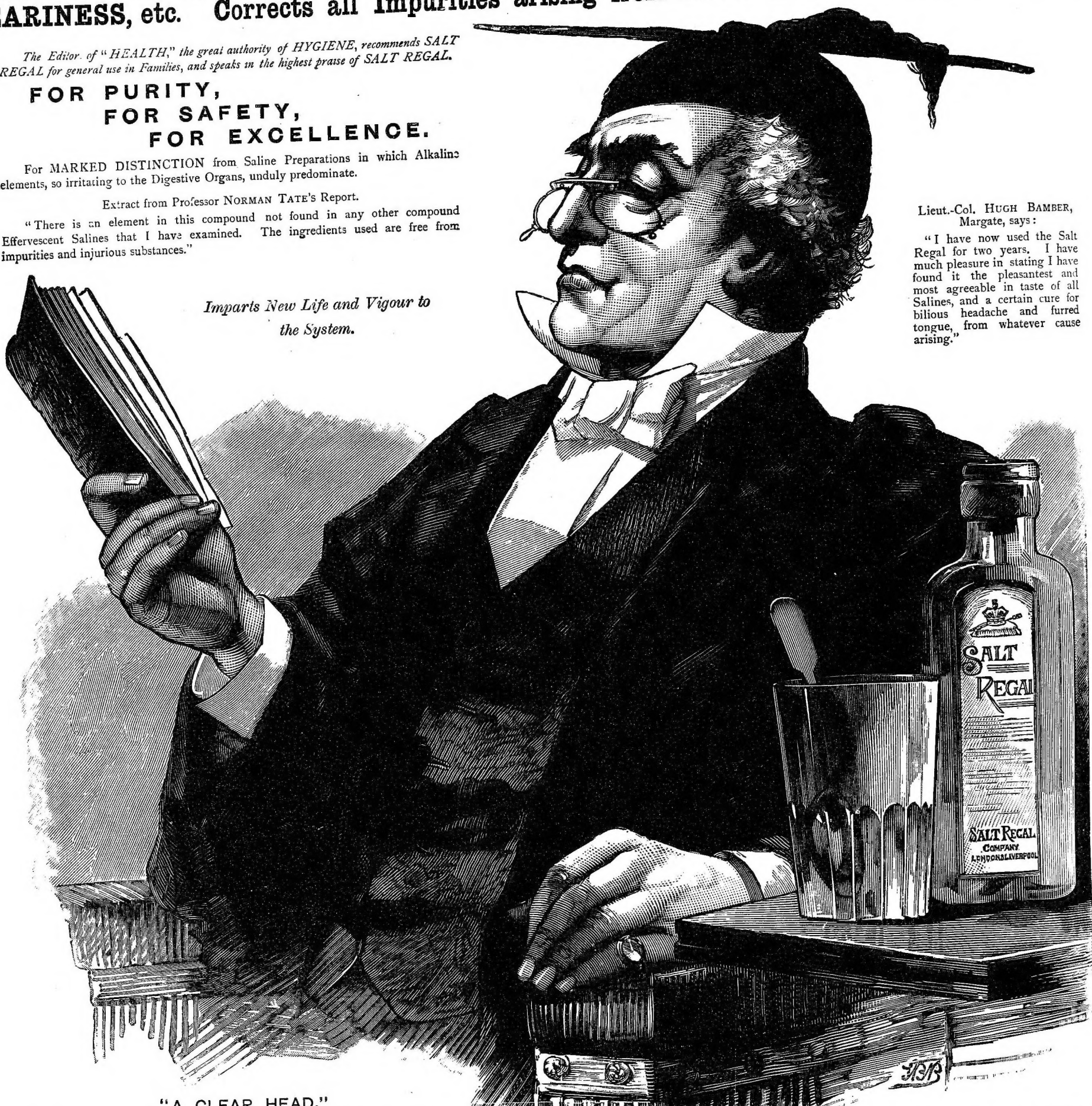
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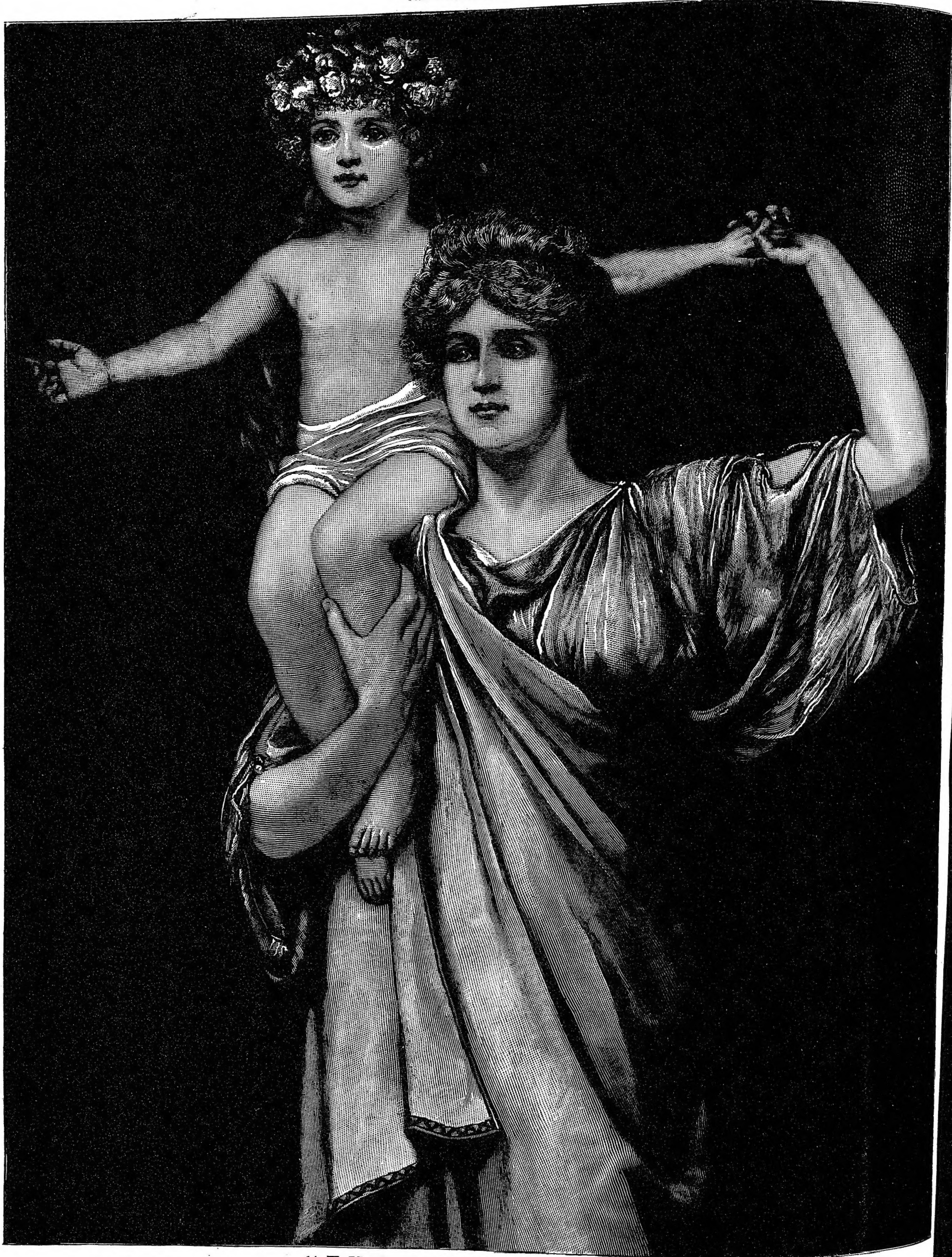
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